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Each Day is Flag Day Now

By Alfred Lambourne

'Tis blossom time, the Spring has come,
 Each day is Flag Day now!
O play the fife and beat the drum,
 Each day is Flag Day now!

The birds are singing in the trees,
 Each day is Flag Day now!
Unfurl our banner to the breeze,
 Each day is Flag Day now!

Hail Flag, that shows the clustered Stars,
 Each day is Flag Day now!
For Uncle Sam is in the Wars,
 Each day is Flag Day now!

Fling to the breeze the Stars and Stripes,
 Each day is Flag Day now!
Freeman and Tyrant are at gripes,
 Each day is Flag Day now!

That banner o'er the seas shall wave,
 Each day is Flag Day now!
Its presence still shall tell the brave,
 Each day is Flag Day now!

Let Faith and Courage fill the land,
 Each day is Flag Day now!
To win the fight we take our stand,
 Each day is Flag Day now!

Our sons shall battle in their might,
 Each day is Flag Day now!
No Peace 'till triumph'd has the Right,
 Each day is Flag Day now!



THE SPIRIT OF 1776 AND THE SPIRIT OF TODAY

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IMPROVEMENT ERA

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Faith

By Nephi Jensen

On the 10th day of December, 1916, the Rev. Fred Winslow Adams, of New York City, preached a sermon on the subject, "What is the greatest safeguard against temptation?" The following answers elicited from persons of note formed the basis of the discourse:

"High aims," Andrew Carnegie.

"Influence of a good mother," Dr. Lyman Abbott.

"The will to resist," Oscar S. Strauss.

"Influence of a good home to those who have it, and fear to those who have not," Booth Tarkington.

"Knowledge," Arthur Brisbane.

"Will," Irving Bacheller.

"Healthy interest in good things," Sir R. Tagore.

Dr. Adams' question calls for an answer that should contain the name of the strongest force in the world for righteousness. What is it? Faith! Why did these noted persons, most of whom are Christians, fail to use this word of words? Was it because of the false modern notion that Christian faith is a mere insipid, passive leaning upon the arm of God? If some of them had had Paul's depth of understanding of the religion of Jesus they would probably have given his answer to this question of questions: "Above all, take the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked" (Eph. 6:16).

Every temptation speaks in the serpent's original words: "It is desirable." Only the deep-rooted living assurance of the supreme desirability of good and pure things makes the soul invulnerable to sin's deceitful enticing. It is not enough to merely resist evil. Nothing but the deep love of the good and true which completely quenches the desire for sinful pleasures, wholly disarms the tempter. This love is born of the faith that gives the soul the saint's certainty of the reality and everlasting glory of the great trinity of graces, goodness, truth and beauty.

Andrew Carnegie's antidote, "high aims," suggests Goethe's words, "The important thing in life is to have a great aim." But what is most important is the principle that inspires "high aims." Why does one "hitch his wagon to a star"? Why does he resolve to make the development and perfection of character the most important business of life? There can be only one answer. As is one's faith so is his aspiration.

Arthur Brisbane concludes that "knowledge" is the best safeguard against temptation. Without doubt knowledge is power. But sin is a foe so deadly that nothing short of supreme power can repel its deceptive advances. Almost daily we meet men held in slavery by the cigarette and other bad habits, who say very frankly, "I know it is harmful to smoke, but I can't quit." What do these unfortunates lack? Knowledge? No. They lack the power to turn "can't" into "can." Faith is the name of this power, faith that transmutes the desire for evil things into the love of God and his righteousness.

A few days ago we ate lunch with a doctor. In spite of his scientific knowledge that tobacco is injurious to health, he smoked cigarettes after his lunch. That evening we called on a Dutch family in the capacity of ward teachers. During the conversation the Dutchman said, "We joined the Church seven years ago. The first elders who came to our house told us that it was wrong to use tobacco. I have never used tobacco since that time." What is the difference between the doctor and the Dutchman? The one has facts in his head, the other has a living principle in his heart. Knowledge is awareness of facts; faith is an attitude, a disposition. Nobility of heart is a better moral guide than a head full of philosophy.

The answers of Bacheller and Strauss in the one word "Will" suggest a question which calls for a deeper answer. Why does anyone "will" to resist temptation? Is it not because of the soul-rooted conviction that virtue leads to joy and vice is the way to despair? Would one "will" to become a saint if he did not believe that sainthood is the highest human achievement and possible of attainment through ceaseless resolution and striving? The conclusion is irresistible. Back of "will" is faith, and back of faith is God.

"There is no destiny, no chance, no fate
Can circumvent or hinder or control
The firm resolve of a determined soul.
Gifts count for nothing, will alone is great,
All things give way before it soon or late."

These strong words are only true of the "will" to which faith has welded the strength of God. Such a "will" is the imperial sovereign in this world of clashing forces and enticing deceits. Before it every foe of the soul cowers in defeat.

Tagore thinks a "healthy interest in good things" is the surest safeguard against temptation. But what is really needed is the power that awakens a "healthy interest in good things." What is this power? What is it that unfailingly sends the soul in eager quest of "good things?" Faith! Can there be any doubt about it? Why does anyone adore truth, practice virtue and thereby attain the beauty of holiness? Is it not because of his undoubting conviction that truth alone sets the soul free, and goodness is the only way to genuine, lasting happiness and peace? It is only when faith wavers that vice seems more fair than virtue and temptation does its deadly work. In every age the heroic souls who have ceaselessly shunned sin as a deadly viper, and clung to virtue as the fairest thing beneath the stars, have continually had before their eyes and in their hearts the sentiment, which is the soul of all morals, "God is the great final judge of all my thoughts, deeds and aspirations."

"A healthy interest in good things," is a very desirable possession. But the "thirst" of the soul for "good things" is more potential for righteousness than a "healthy interest in good things." The "hunger and thirst for righteousness," which is only awakened by genuine faith in Jesus Christ, sends the soul toward God and truth with an eagerness that makes vice seem hideous. This "hunger and thirst for righteousness," is only found in the hearts of those who have through faith drawn so close to God that they have become certain that truth alone satisfies the soul's deepest craving. These souls receive a "testimony of the truth," which makes them so certain of the glory of truth, the nobility of goodness and the beauty of purity, that sin becomes utterly loathsome to them.

It is most disheartening that the answer of Dr. Lyman Abbott, one of the most noted living divines, indicates that he has forgotten or never knew that "God" is not only the most sacred but the most powerful word spoken. No one would dispute with him the "mother's" right to a very prominent place among the names of the great factors and forces for righteousness. But does it not smack a little of sentimentalism for a minister of Christ to put the "influence of a good mother" above the "influence of God," which the doctor's answer seems to do? Has the doctor forgotten the "matchless power of Jesus' name?" Does he expect that men can become Christians without Christ, or godly without God? If he does, he puts himself in a class with the majority of modern divines who have not yet learned that faith in Christ is the awakened consciousness of the divinity in man, which more powerfully and certainly than any other force keeps man from sin and draws him towards God, the goal of all good!

That not one of these answers even hints at the availability

of divine power to nerve the soul with strength and courage to combat sin is perfectly in keeping with the spirit of the age. A few centuries ago the teachers of religion strove to make the race godly without goodness. The pendulum has swung to the other extreme. Now they are trying to make the race good without godliness. On every hand we hear men say, "I believe morality but I don't take any stock in religion." As well might they say, "A watch without a mainspring is just as good as one with a spring." Faith is the mainspring of the soul. It is the moral energy of the heart. It is for this reason that attendance at church services, prayer, the reading of the scriptures, and all those activities that make for an increase of faith, send the soul truth-ward with an impetus unknown to those who only practice godless morality. God is at the heart of all things, good, true and beautiful. To leave his name out of a plan intended for the moralization of the race is as vain as an attempt to put harmonious tints into the heart of a flower without sunlight. Just as the sunlight puts the glory of beauty in the soul of the rose, so God's Spirit puts the glory of purity and goodness in the human soul.

It is not enough that one "wills to resist" temptation. If he merely strives to refrain from sinful indulgence he will still be subject to temptation. What is needed is the supreme aspiration for good and pure things that sends the soul truth-ward with an impetus that leaves the tempter's schemes far in the rear of the advancing soul. Faith is the name of this aspiration. Only living faith in God and his Christ, nerves the soul with all conquering strength in his warfare against evil. This faith makes him conscious of the divinity in him, gives him the martyr's certainty of the everlasting glory of pure and holy things; and awakens in the depths of his soul a "hunger and thirst for righteousness" that impels him to reach out for God with divine strength in answer to the call, "Come unto me."

Faith is the highest "aim." It is the soul's supreme aspiration. It is more than "will." It is will plus the strength of God. It is deeper than a "healthy interest in good things." It is a "hunger and thirst" for the best things. It leads to the "knowledge" of God which is life eternal, and which enables one to truthfully say and live:

"It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment the shoal,
I am master of my fate
I am captain of my soul."

Carlisle was right. "Belief is great, life-giving. The history of a nation becomes fruitful, soul-elevating, great, so soon as it believes."

Forest Dale, Utah

A Study in American Hebraic Names

By Thomas W. Brookbank

(Concluded from page 335)

These remarks have already been extended far beyond the limits at first set for a conclusion, and still there are other matters closely associated with our purpose which have not yet been touched upon, and they shall now receive attention in their order. The first of these is to show a close relationship between Book of Mormon names and some found among the Indians. If the Book of Mormon is a record of Jewish ancestors of the native Americans, that volume should show more or less clearly an analogy in names.

Laman. To head this new list none seems so appropriate as Laman. This name is familiar to every reader of the Book of Mormon. It occurs in *Tepuchtlitaquit-laman-i*, an ancient American name, with an *i* at the close, being thus in strict analogy with Hebraic usage which added an *i* to many base names. In *Xi-loman-alitzli*, the name of a Nahua month, we have Laman again with simply an *o* instead of an *a*, which is but in harmony with the frequent substitution of one vowel for another in Hebraic names, and to which attention has heretofore been called. In *Laman-I-Bota* the name in hand occurs without change as an independent part of a compound, which is another Nahua name. In the appellatives of the Lamam or Lamanes tribes of California Indians, Laman is all, or practically all, there is of these names; and from the name *Tlal-laman-ac*—a Nahua god—we find that the Nahua Lamanites did not forget to deify the founder of their nation.

Mulek. According to the Book of Mormon, Mulek was the son of Zedekiah, king of Judah, and emigrated with a company of refugees from Jerusalem to America soon after Jerusalem was overthrown by Nebuchadnezzar. The Nephites of the Book of Mormon history gave his name to a city and a country, and his descendants among the Indians deified him in the Nahuan god named Muluc. *Such in brief is the apparent history of this Jewish prince from his birth in Jerusalem to a godship in America.* Were there Jews in America anciently? Is the Book of Mormon true? (See Omni, verses 15-19; Mos. 25:2-4; Alma 22:30-32; Hel. 6:10 and 8:21, for Mulek's history.)

Cori. Cori does not occur as an independent name in the

Book of Mormon; but we find it in compounds as follows: Corianton, Alma 31:7; Coriantor, Eth. 1:6; Coriantum, Eth. 1:13; Coriantumr, Omni, 1:21; and Corihor, Eth. 7:3, and Korihor, Alma 30:12. Among Indian names in analogy we have Nacori, Coribici and Coribizi—the first is the name of a town, the other two the same name, but spelled a little differently, and applied to a tribe and their language. Cocori is the name of another Indian town and Chori, evidently Cori, in thin disguise, is the name of a second tribe and Mo-cori-to of another.

Shiz (Eth. 14:17). To quiet the objection that some may propose that a number of these names are Jaredic and not Indian by virtue of any apparent ancestral use, it is sufficient to say that the Jaredic names which are found in the Book of Ether became the property of the Jewish people spoken of in the other portions of the Book of Mormon after the records of the Jaredites were translated by Mosiah (Mos. 28:17), and, consequently, for present purposes they serve the same use rightfully as if they had been Hebraic from the beginning. *Shiz* spelled with an s instead of a z, is found in the Apache name *Shis-inday*. Modified to *Shiza* it occurs in I Ch. 11:42.

Mish. This termination occurs in the Nephite name *Chemish* (Bible, *Carchemish*) and is a very frequent termination in Indian names.

Mahah (Eth. 6:14). An Indian goddess has the name *Mahakh*. But little difference in the pronunciation of these names is apparent, and the name of the goddess is probably merely a variant of *Mahah*.

U. Some of our younger readers have doubtless thought that the Book of Mormon name *Jacob-u-gath* (III Nep. 9:9) was rather a singular compound of *Jacob* and *Gath* united together by the use of *u*; but let it be remembered that *U* is used in the Indian compounds *U-Cab-Mam*, *U-Cab-Pach*, *U-Cab-Tzih*, and in others, where the *U*, judging from Bancroft's presentation of the full names as here illustrated, is evidently not a syllable belonging to *Cab*, but is a term separable in itself though used in these compounds; and so if one writes the name in hand as *Jacob-U-Gath*, he will see how the Book of Mormon and the Indian use of *U* are in analogy. Then, too, *U* was a complete word in itself among the Maya Indians. The tribal name *Tarahumara* has already been noticed under *Tarah*. *Tarah* was the name of a desert encampment of the ancient Israelites (Num. 33:27), and *Mara* means "bitter" (Ruth 1:20). Now, if we write the name in view thus, *Tarah-U-Mara*, we shall see that *Jacob-U-Gath*, where *U* connects two independent names, is in harmony with this use of *U* by Indians who also connected two independent names in the same manner.

Lehi. A variant of this familiar Book of Mormon name is found in the Indian tribal name Hehienimmo, or Hehighenimmo as it may be spelled; and as the name of a river and valley in Pennsylvania, Lehigh (Lehi) occurs uncompounded.

Ishmael. The Book of Mormon informs us that this name was anciently applied to single individuals, and to a whole people who were the descendants of that Ishmael who accompanied Lehi from Jerusalem to America, and to a land, or to a portion of the Nephite country. It is not claimed that the Indian names Izamal, Itzamal and Ix(z)mol are simply variants of Ishmael; but that they are quite suggestive of having the latter for a base is evident; and when one takes into consideration the inability of some Ephraimites to give the sh sound in names, the suggestion merges into quite a probability.

Onihah and Onidah. The first of these names was given to a city mentioned in the Book of Mormon (III Nep. 9:7), the other to a hill and a locality (Alma 32:4; 47:5). If we take the Quiche name for a certain month which was Tzununidah and resolve it into its evident components, we get Tzun for the first part, which was the name of another Quiche month, and then we find that Unidah makes the second part of the compound. Unidah varies so slightly from Onihah or Onidah that the difference in orthography need scarcely be taken into consideration in this connection. Onihah also is compounded in Math-onihah (III Nep. 19:4, and in Moronihah, Alma 62:43).

Ahah (Eth. 1:9). If the reader will now refer to remarks that were made when the name Oloman was under consideration, he will find that Ahau was the name of one of the Quiche chiefs who led that people from a *far eastern* country to this land. Now, taking that fact into account with the other one that the Book of Mormon people also came from a *far eastern* country according to their records, and what ground is there for a plea that the Ahah of the one people and the Ahau of the other are by mere coincidence so nearly alike? The one is an evident variant of the other. Ahah can be spelled with a u for the last letter, or Ahau with an h for the last one. May we not say that the ship which brought one of these names to America brought the other also. Ahau occurs frequently in ancient American names, as for instance, in Ahau-Cau-Mai, a Maya high priest. Ahau-Chamahez, a Maya god; Ahau-Quiche, "the Royal family," etc.

Helem, Helam, and Helaman (Mos. 7:6; 23:20; 1:2). These are names often used in the Book of Mormon. Two Indian names only—Nahelem and Elemehum-Killanwaist—both tribal, will be given here, since the remarks made on a former page, when the name Elim was considered, are applicable in this in-

stance also. The purpose then was to show an analogy between Biblical and Indian names, and now it is to manifest a correspondence between Nephite and Indian names.

Mosiah (Omni 1:22). The Indian tribal name Siah is the latter part of Mo-siah, no variation occurring.

Teancum (Mor. 4:3). Tecum is the name of a Quiche chief.

Kish (Eth. 1:18; Hel. 1:9). Among the Book of Mormon names Kish occurs alone, and is compounded in Kishkumen.

Hamath (II Nep. 20:9). Hamath is in analogy with the Indian name Tamath. Hamath in a former reference occurs in a quotation from Isaiah; but on account of its use in the Nephite records, it is considered a Nephite name.

Prefixes and terminations. Concluding now remarks respecting whole names, it is observed that prefixes found in Nephite and Indian names are in many instances identical; but only a few illustrative examples will be given. From the Book of Mormon we get Nephi and Zenephi (Moro. 9:16); Ezrom and Ze-Ezrom (Alma 11:6; 56:14); Cumeni and Pacumeni (Alma 56:14; Hela. 1:3); Omner and Teomner (Mos. 27:34; Alma 58:16). Corresponding prefixes among Indian names are found in Lahuh, a city, and X(z)elahuh, a ruler, or governor; Chan, a city (Palenque), Pachan, an ancestor of Votans; Siahs and Tesiahs, tribal names; Icauhtzin and Teicaughtzin, Quiche names.

The following list of names taken from those in use among Book of Mormon peoples and a few among the many that are Indian, is not specially intended to illustrate the use of suffixes in common; but is given to show how the respective people favored the letter *i* as a terminal. Other letters preceding the final *i*, as here illustrated, correspond in general to a greater or less extent:

<i>Nephite.</i>	<i>Indian.</i>	<i>Nephite.</i>	<i>Indian.</i>
Lehonti.	Muutzigti.	Moroni.	Zaki.
Manti.	Saragunti.	Gidgiddoni.	Ipalnemoaloni
Anti.	Occabayanti.	Muloki.	Oeki.
Onti.	Olalti.	Amaleki.	Coribici.
Gidianhi.	Interunihi.	Amlie(k)i.	Kataghayekiki
Kumenonhi.	Natsahi.	Himni.	Inchini.
Paanchi.	Sisichii.	Omni.	Intzini.
Nephi.	Situchi.	Ani.	Oumpini.
Limhi.	Nochoni.	Abinadi.	Inbani.
Mathoni.	Tlatlanililoni.	Aminadi.	Suchini, etc.
Middoni.	Tlatoani.	Gadiandi.	

The Book of Mormon names in *i* represent perhaps ten per centum of all found in that record, but while but few on my

list correspond with the three Nephite names ending in di, there are terminations in Indian names, especially those of more ancient use, not only in all the combination as illustrated by the lists; but also in ri, bi, li, mi, ui, yi, ai, pi, vi, zi, etc., I am certainly safe in saying that a large proportion of ancient Indian names also have i for a terminal letter.

Duplications. Among Book of Mormon names the following show a duplication in the compound: Gidgiddonah, Gidgiddoni, Gimgimno.

This list of names showing duplications is not a formidable one, but if we should find a boy or two having Thomthom for his first name, and another who was christened Jimjim, these few would attract some attention every time the school-roll was called, and they are enough upon which to base an analogy between Nephite and Indian names in respect to the point in hand. Among the more numerous examples found among the latter are Kinikkinik, Hunhunapu, Yaxtaxitaxitanne,—the name of an Apache god; Roilroilpam, Belbellah, Tootooton, Wallawalla, Kooskooskia, Huehuetlapalan.

Though not belonging to the Book of Mormon nomenclature, some remarks now follow under the name

Votan (Lotan, a *Horonite* duke. Gen. 36:20-29). Votan was a Maya god. "He is said to have been a descendant of Noah, and to have assisted at the building of the Tower of Babel. After the confusion of tongues he led a portion of the dispersed people to America. There he established the kingdom of Xibalba and built the city of Palenque" (*Native Races*, Vol. V, pp. 27-28). "Votan asserts that he is a descendant of Imox, of the race of Chan, and derives his origin from Chivim. 'He states that he conducted seven families from Valum Votan to this continent and assigned lands to them.'" * * * "Cabrera supposes Chivim to be the same as Hivim or Givim, which was the name of the country from which the Hivites, descendants of Heth, son of Canaan, were expelled by the Philistines some years before the departure of the Hebrews from Egypt" (*Native Races*, Vol. V, pp. 69, 70). "It appears by the calendar" (Chiapanec) "that Imox, sometimes called Mox, and occasionally Ninus, was the first settler in Chiapas. According to the worthy prelate above mentioned," (Bishop Nunez de la Vega) "this Ninus was the son of Belo, who was the son of Nimrod, who was the son of Chus, who was the grandson of Cham" (Ibid, p. 605).

Speaking directly respecting what is given in the first of the foregoing quotations, Mr. Bancroft refers to the legend as a "wild speculation;" but all these quotations made intensely interesting reading for believers in the Book of Mormon as the word of God. In the Book of Ether that record gives an ac-

count of the migration of the Jaredites from the Tower of Babel regions, and their settlement, etc., in this land.

Colob. Furthermore, the name C(k)olob, heretofore passed, shows that to the extent to which that name supplies evidence,—not insignificant by any means—the Book of Abraham sustains the theory that the Indians are of Jewish origin, since that book was written by the father of the Jews, and the Indians have used a significant name found in his work, or, reversing the proposition, since many names in use, or that have been in use, among the Indians manifest that they are Hebraic, the Book of Abraham is Hebraic also, but other analogical evidence is at hand to strengthen that supplied by the name Colob. The Book of Abraham uses the name Enish-go-On-Dosh. The first part of this name occurs in several tribal names in variant form, as follows: Spokehnish,—ehnish; Spokihnish,—ihnish; Shopunish,—unish; Wickinninish,—inish.

Raukeeyang. This name is explained in the Book of Abraham as meaning expanse. It evidently has an Hebraic base, though Egyptian. The Hebrew word for firmament or expanse, according to *Young's Concordance*, is pronounced *raqia*; the *Standard Dictionary* gives *rakia*; the *Encyc. Brit.* has *raqiya*, and others give *raukia*.

Lish. Another name found in the same book is Oliblish. The last syllable of Oliblish occurs in Sinpoilish, Sinspeelish, Sintootoolish, all tribal names.

Ondi. In the Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 75:15; 117:8, 11, we find the name Adam-ondi-Ahman. In this name ondi does not seem to have a significance so great as the first and third parts of the compound do. In harmony with this supposition ondi occupies an apparently subordinate position in the Indian name Anayicoyondi, a goddess (Pericuii), and in the Nephite name, Gadiandi, we have andi, apparently a slight variant of ondi.

Having thus shown how names in the Doctrine and Covenants, the Book of Abraham, the Book of Mormon, and the Bible all show a relationship, more or less clearly manifest, to Indian names, the purpose to continue remarks (as stated before) relative to certain peculiarities among the Hebrews in the use of language, will now be attended to; and first respecting the omission of the sound of the letter s by the tribe of Ephraim, in general, whenever it occurs in connection with h as sh. In analogy therewith we have among Indian names the following: Shikinna, Siwinna, Moqui village; Shucu, Xucu, tribal name; Shastas, Sastes, tribal name; Shahaptans, Sahaptans, tribal name; Shebassas, Sebassas, tribal name; Shistakoostas, Sista-coostats, tribal name; Shocomish, Skocomish, tribal name; Vesnacks, Veshanacks, tribal name. Then, further, Ssalayme,

Ssichitca, Sspudca, Ssiti, S'slomamish, Ssogereate, Ssupichum are tribal names also.

The Spaniards called some of the Indians whom they met in early times "Mames," that is, "stutterers." These were Maya-speaking tribes whom they found in possession of portions of the southern countires (*Native Races*, Vol. V, p. 563).

It is not a stretch of one's imagination at all to suppose that the Ss sound in the last seven names of the foregoing list was heard when some Indian Ephraimites tried to pronounce names in Sh, and so the Spaniards appropriately called them "stutterers."

Furthermore, the Aztecs had a lingual trade-mark on the use of the combination of letters Tl. Examples in Tl have already been given in sufficient numbers. What letter or letters this combination represented no one likely knows; but if one centuries ago should have heard some of the American Ephraimites trying to pronounce the Hebrew name Shalim (1 Sam. 9:4), it might have sounded a good deal like Tlali(m), and Shalisha (Ibid) like Tlal-i-tza; Shelemiah (1 Ch. 26:14) like Tlel-emiah; Shilhi like Tlil-hi; Shilshah like Tlilt-zah, and so on.

Transposition of letters have been proposed in a few of the names that have been passed upon in these remarks. For transposition there is a warrant found in other Indian names, as, for examples: Achiotl, Achioit, name of plant; Alaska, Alaks(u)a; Macaoaquez, Macoaquez, tribal names.

The transposition, or change in position, of syllables that has been suggested is in analogy with: Tlapallanconco, Little Tlapalan; Huehuetlapallan, Old Tlapalan; Teoamoxtli, Book of God; Centeotl, Na. goddess; Coaxolotl, Temple; Xolotlan, Nic. name; Chinchin, tribal name; Chinigchinich, Acag. god; Coatlyace, Na. goddess; Cioacoatl, Na. goddess; Holon-Chan-Tepenh, A man's name; Tepeu-Yaqui, Qui. title.

Substitution for various letters have also been proposed; but variations of this nature are frequently found in Indian names, as, Apasco, Apazco, Az. station; Atengo, Atenco, Az. station; Cabogh, Cahogh, Tzen. day; Evob, Enob, Tzen. day; Gabilanes, Gavilanes, tribal name; Gagavitz, Hacavitz, Mts.; Jupis, Yupea, Apache tribe; Xolabah, Xoyabah, Mts.; Sapatotots, Lapatotots, tribal name; Jopes. Lopis, Na. station; Tlanotlac, Tlaylotlac, Na. judge; Tinneh, Dinneh, Tribal name; Tzinteotl, Tzinteutl, Na. goddess; Achcauhtzin, Axcauhtzin, Chi. king; Icauhtzin, Achcauhtzin, Chi. king; Volvon, Bolbon, Mts.

Many other variations of this character occur, but they are generally consouental.

In some instances, letters are omitted, (or added), as we find in Tlacatecatl, Tacatcatl, Na. judge; Xicalles, Xicali, Gourd

vessels; Tzacatecatl, Tzacatcatl, Na. king; Tlahuicol, Tlahuicol, A Tlas. general; Tzentipac, Tzenticpac, A town; Tzoalli, Tzoali, A kind of dough; Tzinacautla, Tzinacautlan, A town; Tulpetlac, Tultepetlac, Az. station; Ixtlilton, Ixtliton, Na. god.

In ancient Indian names sometimes one vowel is substituted for another, as in Tlaolli, Tlaulli, dried corn; Temoanchan, Tamoanchan, Na. name; Cioacoatl, Ciuacoatl, Na. goddess; Tzintéotl, Tzintéutl, a town.

U is thus used apparently more frequently than any of the other vowels.

Finally, were we to avail ourselves to the fullest extent of the liberty in this investigation, which these variants manifest as occurring in Indian names, many others could be added to the already long list of Americano-Hebraic names that have been submitted,—to cite one example only, Yutahkah (Yutah-yah) which is a name for the Navajos.

Be Contented

(Selected)

Life is one continued struggle; from our birth the strife extends;
 Though we find some peaceful moments—still the struggle never ends.
 Many pains and many bruises; many burning tears are shed—
 We must fight if we want freedom; we must toil if we want bread.

Bravely face each situation, though it be so hard to bear—
 Each man has an equal portion—every woman has her share.
 If the world seems cold and cruel, don't despair nor sigh in vain;
 Try and smile, and look contented—you will soon be right again.

Thank the Lord for all his blessing; force your spirits to arise;
 If you're always sad and gloomy very few will sympathize.
 Sadness spreads in all directions, gladness spreads far quicker still,
 Hide away your little worries, though it be a bitter pill.

Smiles are like the rays of sunshine flashing on a flowing stream
 In a thousand bright reflections—dazzling, wonderful, supreme.
 Try and smile on all occasions—watch how easily it blends -
 You will find your load seems lighter, and you'll soon have many friends.

—Pearson's Weekly.

Food Production and Conservation In Utah

By Dr. E. G. Peterson, President Utah Agricultural College

In order to meet the present national emergency and especially in view of the present and threatened shortage of food, it is necessary that every possible effort be made by the people of Utah to produce more food and forage and to adopt measures of conservation which will extend the usefulness of our supply.

We are remote from the active scenes of war, living as we do in a very inaccessible part of the civilized world, possibly the most inaccessible from the standpoint of physical invasion. We consequently feel only remotely the pressure of war. The fact is, however, that we are at war and are partners in the greatest of all world conflicts in the interest of freedom. We must rejoice or suffer with that great part of humanity who are now our allies. Our food must be shared with them, as well as with our fellow countrymen. We must sustain ourselves and raise in such abundance that we can feed a vast army to be raised in our own land and the armies and civilians of those nations who fight with us.

A state-wide organization, encouraged by proclamation from the Governor's office, has been perfected in Utah and at work actively in each county since April 10. The organization consists essentially of a chairman in each county who has grouped around himself a committee with representatives from the important localities in each county. The first meeting of the State-wide organization, which will work in the present emergency under the title of "Committee on Food Production and Conservation," was held at the Utah Agricultural College at Logan on April 10. At that time the Committee decided upon the following method of procedure. The county chairman in each county was to organize as indicated above. He was to secure, if possible, an appropriation of \$500.00 from the county commissioners with which to employ an emergency county agricultural agent, at a reasonable wage, providing there was not already a county agent and a farm bureau in the county. The county agricultural agent was immediately to secure, if possible, a small appropriation from each town or city in the county (from the city council) with which to employ garden super-

visors for three months at least, one in each of the larger towns. The garden supervisors should immediately begin organizing the boys and girls, and older people where agreeable, into clubs for the production of easily stored garden crops such as onions, potatoes, beans, carrots and turnips.

The emergency county agent, as well as the regular county agent, immediately began a campaign throughout the county to emphasize especially the following points:

Increase the Live Stock.

1. Use greater discrimination in the selection of cattle, of both the dairy and beef types.
2. Develop farm flocks of sheep.
3. Raise more hogs.
4. Make a bigger business of farm poultry.
5. Conserve all feeds.
6. Feed carefully and economically.
7. Give animals proper care.

Increase Production on the Dry-Farm.

1. Encourage the planting of fallow land to corn, potatoes, beans, or other cultivated crops.
2. Where moisture conditions will permit plant spring barley, oats, and wheat.
3. Encourage the building of silos and the growing of silage crops, as a means of producing more and cheaper feeds.
4. Urge the testing of all seeds, and plant only the best obtainable.

Increase Production on the Irrigated Farm.

1. Utilize all waste places by planting standard crops on the best land, and sweet clover and rye on the poorer land.
2. Encourage the boys and girls to utilize all the vacant lots and yards in the cities and country, by planting to onions, beans, sugar beets, tomatoes, etc.
3. Encourage a greater interest in home gardening, so that each family may be provided with sufficient vegetables for home use.
4. In young orchards plant such crops as beans, potatoes, sugar beets, tomatoes, carrots, and mangels, and garden crops; in the old orchards plant rape, clover, oats and peas, rape and barley, or rape and oats for forage and pasture.

Conserve all Products of the Farm and Garden.

Eliminate all Waste in the Home and on the Farm.

Encourage each Community to be Self-Supporting.

In the larger effort to produce more, let us not forget the obligation to save more. We should now, above all other times, be abstemious in eating. Do not over eat. We should discard the extravagant and injurious foods. Stimulants and narcotics, such as alcoholic drinks, tea, and coffee, should be discarded as wasteful, if for no other reason. All food, and fats especially, should be conserved—not thrown away. Candy eating should be cut to a very low minimum. Chewing gum is unnecessary. Old clothing should be renovated where possible. An effort should be made to do with fewer neckties, shoes, shirts and in some cases, hats.

The following are the expenditures in America each year

for worthless and harmful stimulants, narcotics, intoxicating liquors, and luxuries:

Tobacco	\$ 1,200,000,000
Jewelry and plate.....	800,000,000
Confectionery	200,000,000
Tea and coffee.....	100,000,000
Chewing gum	13,000,000
Intoxicating liquors	2,200,000,000

The total reaches the truly stupefying sum of \$4,513,000,000. Adoption of the "Word of Wisdom" by the United States would save the country \$3,500,000,000 each year. And this overwhelming figure does not include the much larger gain which would come from greater efficiency on the part of the workers from abstaining from stimulants and narcotics. The increase in production would probably increase the figure mentioned ten fold.

In the farm practice the young folks should learn how to can and preserve vegetables, fruits and meats and an ample supply of these should be stored in every Utah home. Let us fill our pits and pantries and cellars with an ample supply for the very serious times which may be ahead of us. And in this economy we can save much that is usually wasted. Windfall apples and other fruits, excess vegetables and meats can, by very simple methods, be canned so that they are very appetizing and nutritious. Instructions in all these lines of work have been sent broadcast throughout the State and will be furnished free by the Extension Division of the Agricultural College, at Logan, Utah.

The following men are designated as the leaders in their counties in the present emergency. The county chairman, in the counties where there are farm bureaus, are asked to co-operate with the farm bureaus and keep the executive secretary of the committee informed of anything that can be designed to help in the general movement:

R. S. Collett, Roosevelt; C. R. Marcussen, Price; H. H. Blood, Kaysville; James Houston, Panguitch; A. H. Belliston, Nephi; Wm. Seegmiller, Kanab; Daniel Heiner, Morgan; J. E. Peterson, Circleville; G. H. Robinson, Lake-town; R. D. Young, Richfield; L. R. Anderson, Manti; L. H. Redd, Grayson; Moses W. Taylor, Coalville; C. Alvin Orme, Tooele; Don B. Colton, Vernal; F. H. Snow, St. George; Joseph Eckersley, Loa; J. R. Murdock, Heber; John P. Holmgren, Bear River; W. W. Farrer, Beaver; Ephraim Burgeson, Cornish; H. A. Nelson, Ferron; F. B. Hammond, Moab; John U. Webster, Cedar City; Dean F. Peterson, Delta; W. C. Winder, Salt Lake; John W. Alleman, Springville; D. D. McKay, Huntsville.

The following county chairmen of the Agricultural College are putting their influence back of the farm bureau presidents, in order to make the campaign effective:

W. S. Hansen, Collinston; S. O. White, Beaver; Lars P. Oveson, Castledale; L. N. Marsden, Parowan; John Reeve, Hinckley; John Halls, Huntsville; E. W. Southwick, Lehi.

It is thought that Utah, through its Church organization, can more effectively meet the present apparent emergency than any other state in the Union. Let us prove ourselves worthy to be called sons and daughters of the Pioneers.

Logan, Utah



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DESOLATIONS OF WAR

This is one of the first photographs connected with the German retreat in France to reach this country.

As fast as the Germans retreated, in their recent wholesale evacuation in France, the French engineers rushed in and started to repair the horrors inflicted upon the towns for "military purposes."

The photograph shows an army of engineers at work in the streets of Noyon, one of the French towns vacated by the Germans.

The photograph gives an idea of the apparently unneeded havoc and ruin wreaked on the town. The picture is the signal of the new era that is sweeping over Europe. Let us pray that the desolation and ruin may soon stop, and labor to the end that the might of the world will be turned to the greater and nobler work of reconstruction.

The First Farm in Dry Valley*

By Elsie Chamberlain Carroll

"Guess I'll see if I can get Lem Watkins to help with the spring work. We ought to begin plowing right away. If this weather keeps up it won't be long till we can put in the early crops." Jerry Mortimer addressed the family in general as he sat down a little late to the breakfast table. The old man at the other end of the table looked up in surprise.

"Why, we don't need anybody, do we, Jerry? Ain't we always got along with the spring work ourselves?"

The younger man hesitated a moment as he helped himself to the brown hash. He might as well have it out with father, he argued with himself. He had hoped the old man would be able to see how things were without him having to explain.

"Well,—you see, father, you—you ought not to work in the fields any more. You're getting too old. And besides you have had the rheumatism extra bad this winter. There's more work than Fred and Jim and I can do, and of course Johnny is too young to help. Lem is a good hand, so I thought we might as well get him before someone else does. You've had your day of hard work in the fields, so it's time you had a chance to stay in and rest and enjoy yourself." Jerry began briskly on his hash, complimenting himself that he had rather cleverly handled a delicate problem.

The faded, grey eyes across the table stared for a moment uncomprehendingly, but only for a moment. The old eyes were not as keen as they had once been, it is true. Neither did the old man's mind work as rapidly as in his earlier days, but the eyes were still keen enough, the mind was still quick enough to grasp the meaning back of the son's words. A slow flush crept over the wrinkled face, and the toil-worn hand trembled a little as it pushed the plate back on the table.

"Stay in the house and rest and enjoy himself" when the rich brown earth, new from its winter's sleep, was calling him with its smell of loamy dampness, and its tender, sprouting green grass blades and tiny opening leaflets? "Stay in the house and enjoy yourself" when the meadowlarks were pouring their liquid sweetness into the fresh spring air from every budding willow

*This story was awarded first place in the February, 1917, *Improvement Era* story contest.

clump, and the frogs were croaking their throaty medleys from every bog in the meadow? "Stay in the house and enjoy himself" when his own blood was tingling with the sublime miracle of spring, just as he could remember it tingling with all the springs of his seventy active years?

The red on the sunken cheeks grew deeper. There was no doubt as to Jerry's meaning. The father had seen a foreboding shadow of this day, away last fall when one afternoon the dampness of the newly plowed field had made him limp with the rheumatism, and Jerry had insisted on his going to the house. He had caught a glimpse of the unwelcome spectre of old age and outgrown usefulness then, but he had pushed the tantalizing image from him with a determined hand. But there was no turning from its grim features now.

"Here, grandpa, have another biscuit. Why, you haven't eaten your egg! Is anything the matter?" His daughter-in-law, all unconscious of the tragedy going on there, at the end of the table, passed the bread plate to him.

"No, they ain't nothing the matter, Molly, but somehow I don't feel very hungry this morning. Guess I'll go out and walk about a bit."

"Well, be careful and not get your feet damp. You don't want another spell of rheumatism," she called after him as he shuffled from the room.

"Yes, I'll go right over and see about getting Lem," Jerry remarked as the old man's bent form passed the window. I should have got someone a year or so ago. I really didn't realize how old and feeble father was getting. He always seemed to enjoy the work. Well, he's going to have it easier from now on."

Jeremiah Mortimer stood looking over the land into which he had sown the energy and wisdom and faith of an active life. The familiar stretches of brown earth seemed suddenly to have grown strange to him. This was no longer his farm; it was Jerry's. He was no longer needed in the operation of it. The realization gave him a dull pain. One after another he regarded the landmarks of his toilsome, sacrificing years, yet withal, happy years because they were filled with activity and usefulness. There was the old granary where he and Harriet had commenced housekeeping fifty years ago. There were the apple trees and pear trees and currant bushes they had set out that first year. There was the old well and the milk-house and tool-shop, and even the miniature fort he had built for Jerry when he was a little chap of seven. These objects had always seemed a part of his very life before, but now they stared at him mock-

ingly, reminding him in their unchanging utility, of his own vanished usefulness.

He had wandered down through the orchard, past the garden-plot to the fence dividing the meadow land from the stretches of bare fields. He leaned listlessly against the meadow bars and stared before him unseeingly. Life, which had always seemed so sweet a thing to him, had suddenly become a desolate, empty void; a period of dreary waiting for the end. The dull pain grew to an aching numbness. He hoped the waiting would not be long. He was ready now for the uncertainties of the Great Beyond—now that his usefulness was past. A mist was gathering in the faded grey eyes. He hoped Harriet would be waiting for him there on the other side.

"Why, hello Gramp! I didn't know you wuz down here. Did ye see my butterfly? It had big brown wings with yeller streaks. I been a chasin' him clean down frum the upper pasture. Gee! but ain't it a bully day?" and nine-year-old Johnny lifted his freckled face and seemed to fill himself with the fresh sweetness of the April morning.

The old man had started at his grandson's unexpected appearance. With one horny hand he wiped the mist from his eyes and looked down into the animated little face upraised to his. But he did not speak for a moment and Johnny chattered on.

"I seen a bluejay this mornin' and two robins an' I heard a meader lark over by the south hedge. An' say, Gramp, ole Dominick's got a nest up in the hay with 'leven eggs in it an' she's settin' on 'em. How long is it takes the little biddies to git in the eggs?" The youngster had not noticed anything unusual in his grandfather, and this fact made the old man feel more like himself.

"It takes three weeks, Johnny," and the aching tenseness in grandpa's throat began to relax.

"Gee! I wisht I knew how long she's been settin'. I like to watch the little chicks come out, don't you, Gramp?" There was a little pause and then Johnny chattered on, "Say, but ain't this the bulliest day? I like spring betterin' any time. It makes a feller feel like gittin' right down an' diggin' in the dirt with his hands, and hunt fer baby plants an' smell the earth an'—even taste it. Spring sure is bully!"

Then a tiny shadow settled on the small face as Johnny dug the toe of his well-worn shoe into the soft dirt. His next words came after a short silence, and were spoken wistfully. "I wisht I had a garden. Daddy give Jim one two years ago, an' now he's goin' t' let Fred have a piece up in the north field all fer hisself. Sam Kirk's pa's goin' t' give Sam some land and so is

Bill Harding's, an' Ted an' Tom Peters is goin' to have a hull strip t' do jist what they please with." The big blue eyes looked longingly across the stretches of brown earth waiting for the tiller's hand.

"Daddy says I'm too little to be anything but a nuisance on the farm," the little fellow explained with a sigh.

Something gripped the old man's heart as he looked down sympathetically into the face of this little partner in suffering uselessness. The child's disappointment suddenly loomed up as of vastly greater importance than his own. His eyes turned again to the broad stretch of fields—and there was not one little corner for them! His gaze drifted beyond the field to the bounding hillside. Then it seemed to penetrate to the other side of that hill; to a broad valley—great waiting tracts of untouched, inviting lands. It was Dry Valley. Something stirred in the old man's memory. It was a vision he had once had in the old busy years, when once he had read an article on "Dry-farming in the West." He had seen Dry Valley transformed into waving grain fields. But it had only been one of the unfulfilled, fleeting visions of his active, useful years.

He stood very still now as the vision flashed back with vivid clearness. His blood, which had been coursing through his body with numbing pain, suddenly went rioting with the realization that the vision had not been an impossible one. He had read other articles on dry-farming since that time. He had actually heard of dry-farming in the northern part of the state. Why could it not be done in the southern part as well? Strangely the vision took the form of a wonderful purpose. He felt as young as the boy beside him.

"Johnny!" he exclaimed impulsively, "what do you say if we go over on to'ther side of that hill an' make us a farm?"

"Jerry, ye goin' t' be usin' Dobbin an' the light wagon to-day?" It was two weeks later, and the Mortimers were again at the breakfast table.

"Why, I guess not, father. Why?"

"I thought mebbe Johnny an' me could take 'em an' go to town. We ain't either of us been fer quite a spell."

"Why, sure you can take 'em," Jerry answered a little puzzled at his father's unusual manner as well as at the unusual request. "But wouldn't the surrey be better for a pleasure trip?"

"I reckon I'm old-fashioned," grandpa replied with a little chuckle, but I always would ruther ride in a wagon than any fancy contraption. Besides the girls or Molly might want the surrey 'fore we git back. Maybe we'll decide to make a hull day of it, seein' yer not needin' Dobbin. Johnny," grandpa continued as he arose from the table, "you better git yer ma to put

us up some sandwiches, then we won't need t' hurry back if we don't want to. I'll go out an' be harnessin' up."

"It certainly has done father a lot of good, my taking the whole responsibility of the farm from his shoulders," Jerry remarked as his father left the house. "I didn't have any idea he would perk up so. I really felt a little worried for fear he'd miss the things he's always been used to doing, but he seems to feel splendid, doesn't he?"

"I don't think he has been so contented and happy since before your mother died," Molly answered. "He and Johnny are together all the time, just like a couple of boys. They spend hours off on long tramps nearly every day. It's a good thing for them both. Johnny has always been so full of mischief before."

Both Jerry and Molly would have been mystified could they have seen Johnny and grandpa a half hour later. They had driven the light wagon down to the edge of the orchard and into it they were stowing a varied collection of things which had been surreptitiously hidden there during the past week. There were farming tools and bags of seeds and odd pieces of lumber, not to mention garden lines and goods boxes, and old overalls, shoes and gloves.

"We'll take these things out to our farm first, then we'll go to town fer the plow an' harrow an' things an' mabe we can git back an' started to work 'fore noon," Grandpa confided happily to Johnny as they worked.

"What'll we do first, an' kin I help?" asked Johnny as they rattled down the road. His freckled face was aglow with mystery and pride.

"Sure. You'll help do everything. There's lots to do. It'll keep us a hustlin'. Now we've got the rocks off an' the brush grubbed an' it's all laid off we'll plow an' harrer. Then we'll have to make some kind of a shelter fer our tools an' things. O, they's plenty to do, Johnny. Plenty to do!" The old man clucked happily to Dobbin, and his eyes beamed almost as brightly as Johnny's.

After that Grandpa and Johnny often borrowed the light wagon and old Dobbin for an excursion. And they continued also to take long walks over the western hill. Had the members of the family been less interested and busy with their own affairs they might have wondered what it all meant, but there was an occasional comment, such as, "What takes Grandpa and Johnny off so much?" or, "Isn't Grandpa's rest doing him a world of good?" but that was all. And the days of May and June and

July passed and the little secret farm over in Dry Valley thrived to the wonder and delight of the two farmers.

One morning in the latter part of July as the two were disappearing over the hill, Grandpa drew a folded newspaper from his pocket. His wrinkled hands shook with excitement as he opened it.

"Johnny, look at that!" he exclaimed indicating a big headline at the top of the page: *Prizes offered by State for best exhibit of dry-farm products raised in each county. Prizes to be awarded at county fair this fall.*

The old man read the announcement tremulously.

"That means us Johnny! That means us! They ain't another dry-farm in this here county. Nobody but us knows that dry-farmin' is possible in these big red sand valleys. That's when we'll give 'em our surprise party, Johnny, there at the fair. Kin ye hold in that much longer, sonny?" the old man's face glowed as he patted the youngster's head.

"You bet!" Johnny assured him as he turned a somersault in the road ahead of his grandfather. "Gee! but they'll be surprised. I measured Daddy's biggest squash this morning an' it only beats our'n a quarter of an inch an' our corn is purt' near as high as his. O, Gramp, ain't it fun t' farm?"

At last the time for the county fair arrived. The day before the wonderful event was a busy one on the Mortimer farm. Jerry had never been so proud of the exhibit he was prepared to make. He usually took a number of ribbons. This year he expected to outdo his former reputation.

"Molly, do you know where Father and Johnny are?" he inquired along the middle of the forenoon, as he poked his head in at the kitchen door.

"Why, no. I haven't seen them since morning. I believe I did notice them going off down through the orchard right after breakfast. They must be somewhere around."

"No, I've been calling and looking all over. They never seem to be around any more. I thought they could tie up the vegetables. Johnny's getting plenty big enough to do something and a little work wouldn't hurt Father at a busy time like this, but I'll declare the two of them are off chasing butterflies and hunting birds' nests the whole time. I guess you'll have to let Lizzie and Kate come out and help awhile. We've got to get our stuff to the Fair before five o'clock or there won't be time to fix the exhibit. I don't see where under the sun those two can be," and Jerry turned impatiently back to the barnyard.

The morning of the Fair dawned with all the welcome, warmth and radiance of a perfect Indian summer day. The Mortimers were astir early, busy and excited, getting ready to go to town.

"Well, I'll declare, I don't know what ever has come over Father," Jerry confided to Molly as he wrestled with his collar and tie. "Nothing would do but he and Johnny should take Dobbin and the light wagon and start out a half hour ago. He acts more excited over the Fair than the children do. It's a good thing I got Lem Watkins early in the spring or we would have been hard put for help on the farm this summer. I didn't know he was so near the end of his usefulness. But," he added comfortably, "he seems wonderfully well and happy, doesn't he? And, of course, that is what we want."

Glenville was a-buzz with all the gay splendor and happy activity attendant upon the small country fair. Vehicles of every description were drawn up in long lines on both sides of Main street, the greater number being near the Town Hall where the fair was in progress. Flags waved above decorated shop windows. Venders of ice cream and lemonade and cracker-jack and toy balloons persuasively called out their wares. Knots of men gathered here and there and discussed crops and the growing prospects of the county. Neighboring farm wives greeted each other warmly, and enquired with interest about each other's children, the fall cleaning, sewing and canning. Children ran joyously about, laughing and shouting, enjoying to the full this gala holiday.

Inside the long hall a throng of people moved slowly from one splendid display to another. The women paused before tables covered with canned fruits and vegetables and preserves, or exclaimed over the array of fancy quilts and sofa pillows. The men looked with judicious eyes over the trays of vegetables and fruits, halting here and there where a red or blue or white ribbon proclaimed the decision of the judges.

Down in the far end of the hall a small boy and an old man waited eagerly. They were before a neat display of varied farm products above which hung the conspicuous information:

Exhibit from the Dry-farm of J. and J. Mortimer

In the center of the table rested another placard upon which was written:

*This Display was Awarded the Special \$100 Cash Prize Offered
by the State*

"Here they come! Here they come!" Johnny whispered excitedly, clutching his grandfather's arm as he indicated their approaching family.

Jerry Mortimer, his wife, two daughters, and sons, Fred and Jim, were slowly making their way down the long hall. They wore looks of satisfaction, having just observed a number of ribbons in the Mortimer display.

"Why, there's Grandpa and Johnny, at last!" exclaimed Molly, and the group moved more rapidly toward them.

Jerry looked up at the inscription above the exhibit before which his father and son were standing. He stopped and stared. What did it mean?

Exhibit from the Dry-farm of J. and J. Mortimer. He looked at the two figures standing expectantly before him, then turned again to the inscription and to the placard telling of the prize. What *did* it mean?

"Yep, it's our'n!" chirped Johnny in answer to the puzzled question on his father's face. He could contain himself no longer. "Gramp an' me's got the bulliest farm over in Dry Valley! We're goin' to take ye all out t' see it when ye git done lookin' around!"

"Father!" exclaimed Jerry and there was a queer tightening in his throat as slowly he began to grasp the truth. "Father, what does it mean?"

"Jist what the lad says, Jerry. Ye see Johnny an' me wasn't paticully needed on your farm any more so we thought we'd git t' work an' prove that dry-farmin' could be done around here as well as any other place. An' if our stuff here don't convince ye that it can, we reckon our acre up in Dry Valley will. The judges is been out there this mornin' an' they've got a committee figurin' on settin' up a State Experiment Station on our land an' they say it won't be five years before the hull o' Dry Valley will be a stretch o' wavin' grain fields."

Chicago, Illinois



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GREAT RUSSIAN DUMA (IN SESSION) WHICH NOW GOVERNS ALL
THE RUSSIANS

The Czar had ordered the Duma suspended. That body refused and on March 10 put themselves at the head of the nation. On the 12th a new government was formed with Prince Lvoff as Premier, and Professor Paul Milukoff as Foreign Minister.

Palestine of the Future

By J. M. Sjodahl, Editor *Millennial Star*

Some months ago I perused with some interest an article in an Eastern magazine, on, "Will the Great War Give Palestine to the Jews?" by David Baron.

Mr. Baron remarks, "Which of the Gentile powers God may use to help the Jews to regain possession of Palestine while still in the condition of unbelief, and under what auspices, or 'protection,' they may be established there in the first instance * * one cannot know."

This brought to my mind the remarkable prophecy of Isaiah (43:3), "For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Savior: *I gave Egypt for thy ransom.*"

If we may accept this as it reads, and as referring to the final restoration of the Jews to the Land of Promise, it indicates with sufficient clearness which of the Gentile powers God has selected as his instrument to accomplish that purpose. For, has he not, in our day, entrusted Egypt to the care of Great Britain? On the 19th of December, 1914, the British government took full charge of the land of the ancient Pharaohs. That was one of the first great achievements of the present conflict. If God gave Egypt to Great Britain as a "ransom" for Israel, he undoubtedly expects Great Britain to see to it that Palestine is restored when the European powers, after the war, shall meet in conference and draw new boundaries. It rests with this great nation, having accepted the "ransom," to restore the pledge.

Ezekiel (47:13 to 48:29) describes Palestine restored and Jerusalem rebuilt on a larger scale than ever before, as he saw the country and its greater capital in his vision. There is much in this prophetic utterance that is obscure, but it appears that the Prophet saw a country extending from about 30 to 40 degrees north latitude, and from 34 to 37 degrees east longitude. This country, being about 280 miles in length and 150 in breadth, was divided in 13 provinces. The central division was 50 by 150 miles in area and was set apart for the public service. Jerusalem with its Temple occupied an area in this reservation, or more precisely, in the "holy oblation," ten miles square. To the north were seven provinces, each about 20 by 150 miles, and named for the following sons of Jacob, respectively, Judah, Reuben, Ephraim, Manasseh, Naphtali, Asher, and Dan. To the south

were five provinces, each containing a similar area as those in the north, and named, Benjamin, Simeon, Issachar, Zebulon, and Gad.

This seems to be the restored Palestine of Ezekiel's vision. But it is only Palestine as a re-born child. The Greater Palestine will extend from the river Euphrates in the north to the Red Sea, and from the Mediterranean to Euphrates in the east. The desert will be made to "blossom as the rose" (Is. 35:1). Irrigation will do for that part of the world what it has done for what was once regarded as the American desert, and thus the time will come when restored Palestine will be the center of a new civilization—a civilization in which arbitration shall take the place of armies and navies, and in which, as a consequence, peace and prosperity, and religious liberty shall prevail. For, "The Law shall go forth from Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." Then, tools of war will be turned into implements of agriculture; each man shall own his little home, or, as the Prophet has it, "shall sit under his vine and under his fig tree;" and, further, "all people will walk every one in the name of his God" (Micah 4:1-5; Is. 2:1-4). Such is the civilization which will develop with the restoration of Palestine. God speed the day!

Liverpool, England

Beautiful Sunbeams

Beautiful sunbeams, so pure and so bright,
Filling our hearts with the purest delight,
Waking the flowers from sweetest repose,
Shading the rainbow and tinting the rose,
Always an angel of mercy thou art,
Ever thy mission to gladden the heart,
Sending thy love-light to every domain,
Changing the fields into ripe golden grain.

Wonderful orbit, so pure and so bright,
Always returning to chase away night,
Sometimes retreating in frolicsome glee,
Shining alike on the bond and the free.
Life without thee would be one dreary night,
Beautiful—beautiful—beautiful light.

Wonderful—wonderful—wonderful light,
Sunbeams of mercy, angels of light,
God in His mercy hath given to thee,
Light for our footsteps on land and o'er sea,
Always resplendent in heaven thy throne,
Naught can remove thee, but God's hand alone.

Lents, Oregon

Mary B. Jenkin

Constantinople

By Dr. Joseph M. Tanner

Beloved city, the charm of Oriental life! Through the centuries, one of the most picturesque and inviting cities of the world has lain in a state of weariness and helplessness. Now that the great war has brought its destiny into the balance, it is but natural that one should ask what is to be its fate? In the distance it lends an enchanting view, unsurpassed by any city in the world; but the nearby vision of its dirty streets, its cobble-rock roads, its motley inhabitants, its wandering dogs, brings the greatest disappointment. One cannot help the thought that a city so wonderful in the beauty of its landscape, so potent in commerce, so favorable in climate, should be the mistress of the world.

What will become of this historic city, whose past is so full of interest, and whose future is so full of promise? It is on the great waterway leading from central Europe to the Mediterranean and the southern seas. About twenty miles north of the city, the shores of the Black Sea converge into a channel varying from one-fourth of a mile to a mile in width. This channel is bounded on each side by rolling hills, whose ever-green foliage make it one of the most charming waterways of the world. Where this channel, the Bosphorus, flows into the Marmora, Constantinople is located. The waters of this sea are in turn emptied by another historic stream, the Dardanelles into the Ægean Sea, from the Ægean Sea into the Mediterranean, through the Mediterranean by way of the Suez Canal into the Indian Ocean, and through the Straits of Gibraltar into the Atlantic. Through this great waterway past Constantinople, Russia might carry the wealth of her unlimited products to all the nations of the world. It taps the Austrian Empire, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Serbia, through the River Danube.

Lying immediately east of Constantinople is the undeveloped empire of Asia Minor, (which now luckily seems to be coming into the control of the liberal government of Britain), whose resources have barely been touched, and whose coming developments are the most promising source of future wealth that any undeveloped country in the world has to offer. Leading down from the high lands of Armenia, in Asia Minor, along the great waters of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, one comes to the center of ancient civilization in the valley of the Meso-

potamia. Here the great kingdoms of Assyria, Babylon, Chaldea and Persia witnessed their rise, their grandeur, and their fall. It awaits only the hand of the engineer to construct dams and great waterways to make it one of the most inviting lands of the world, to rival the fertile lowlands of Egypt. Syria and Palestine lie dormant under the curse of an offended God. At the touch of modern husbandry these countries would spring into a commercial life that would rival the greatest nations of the world. West of Constantinople are the great plateaus of Macedonia, whose roadways witnessed the triumphant march of Alexander the Great. Out of the Balkan mountains, as well as out of Macedonia, the wealth of the West might be opened through the gates of this wonderful city. In ancient days it was the great commercial mart of the world. Into it, Europe, Asia, and Africa were constantly pouring their limitless wealth. From the Bosphorus, up through the center of Constantinople runs an arm of water extending in the shape of a horn. Because of the gold that found its way into this arm of the Bosphorus, it is styled the "Golden Horn." On one side is the Turkish part of the city, called "Stamboul;" on the northern part is "Pera," the European side. Thus Occidental and Oriental life come in touch, and over the bridge which spans the Golden Horn, separating these two parts of the city, there pass almost hourly as many as twenty different nationalities. What a motley citizenship it possesses! Vast wealth of the world might again be made tributary to this city of Constantine. It was early the home of Christianity. For more than four centuries it has been the home of the Mohammedan religion.

Constantinople is in a way the freest city in the world. The government, it is true, is lax, but people are permitted to do very much as they think best, and there is a mutual tolerance of all these races respecting manners and habits of one another that is truly striking. There men may do very much as they please, and if a man were met walking on his head in the street, he would barely be noticed, so indifferent are the inhabitants to the peculiarities of one another.

In the great war now raging in Europe, Constantinople is the goal of Russia and the hope of Germany. That Constantinople will continue in the lethargy of its past is unthinkable. If the Turk be permitted to retain this capitol of the Mohammedan religion, he will be more and more under the tutelage of German civilization and industry. If it falls to the lot of the now changed Russia, who can say what its fate will be? Russia might indeed make it the most beautiful city in the world, because in that country the whole empire yields up its marvelous contributions to the demand of Russian pride. Every one who has lived there, who has been charmed by its indolent life, will

have his preference about its future possessor. There are those who would prefer Germany; on the other hand, there are those who think Russia would take a pride in its development that no other nation would even dream of. As to the pride of its inhabitants, there might not be a very great difference. I can hardly suppress the wish that it might be a truly cosmopolitan city, a free city, a city under the administration of a great international council, a city where its bizarre life could go on unrestrained and unchanged. We know the greater liberty of English institutions, but England has no ambition for it. The choice as to what shall become of Constantinople must rest either with the Germans or with the Russians. The Turks must and will go. That city never will be in the future as it has been in the past. Germany has borne thus far the brunt of the war of the central powers, and could she win, her word would be as effectual as her military supremacy has been dominant. There will be no conditions, when the peace of Europe is signed, that will appeal so strongly to the imagination, as the fate of Constantinople.

Liberty for All

(Selected)

They tell me, Liberty, that in thy name
I may not plead for all the human race;
That some are born to bondage and disgrace—
Some, to a heritage of woe and shame—
And some to power supreme, and glorious fame;
With my whole soul I spurn the doctrine base,
And, as an equal brotherhood, embrace
All people, and for all fair freedom claim!
Know this, oh man! whate'er thy earthly fate—
God never made a tyrant nor a slave;
Woe, then, to those who dare to desecrate
His glorious image—for to all he gave
Eternal rights which none may violate;
And by a mighty hand the oppressed
He yet shall save!

—*Wm. Lloyd Garrison.*

The World Without Science*

By Dr. F. S. Harris, Director Utah Agricultural Experiment Station

As people move about in the world performing their several tasks, with the aid of numerous mechanical devices and surrounded by many conveniences and luxuries, they are prone to look upon these conditions as having always existed, when in reality the last century has seen more progress in scientific discovery than have all the previous centuries of human history. It is only necessary to compare conditions in the days of our great grandfathers with those today to realize how very rapid has been the change. The debt that mankind owes to science is made clear, on comparing the possibilities of a civilization in the absence of science with one assisted by the powerful agencies of modern research.

It has been the practice of a certain class of persons to undermine the teachings of science, thinking that they were thereby staying the ravages of some hideous monster and rendering a service to mankind. Thanks to the gradual spread of learning, persons of that class are rapidly being replaced by those who see in science nothing to be feared but something to be fostered and developed. People are finding that the sole aim of science is the discovery of truth, and that no amount of suppression will prevent truth from eventually being discovered. That scientific workers often draw erroneous conclusions from available facts no one can deny; but that they should be hindered in the pursuit of their investigations because of a few mistakes would be to deny them the charity that is extended in every other endeavor of mankind.

Science, unlike religion, has had to develop very slowly. In religion, the revealed word has always been a guide and has pointed the way; in science, every step has required long and tedious work. It required ages for man to learn how to draw on nature for her hidden secrets. Old habits of thinking had to be discarded and new methods of work devised before noteworthy results could be obtained; but with these difficulties overcome advancement was rapid.

Going back to the very dawn of history we find the Egyptians possessed of considerable knowledge of the stars and the seasons. They also understood the properties of the triangle

*Presidential address, delivered before the Utah Academy of Sciences, Salt Lake City, April 6, 1917.

and used this knowledge in resurveying the land that was flooded each year by the Nile.

There was no real development in science, however, till the Greeks began their rather systematic observations of nature. Aristotle (384-322 B. C.) and his student Theophrastus recorded many accurate observations from their studies of animals, plants, and rocks; but all the science of the Greeks was so intermixed with speculation and philosophizing that a great deal of error crept in. At that time the methods of modern science were entirely unknown, but the scope of the work was so broad that practically all the sciences now trace their origin to the time of Aristotle.

Later, Alexandria became the center of the Greek world; here all the learning of the time was centered. Euclid, Hipparchus, and others collected data on astronomy, geometry, trigonometry, optics, heat, and even anatomy. The greatest work during this time was done at Syracuse by Archimedes (287 B. C.) who created the science of statics.

The Romans did little for science. Pliny (23-79 A. D.) collected all the writings of those who had gone before, but he contributed nothing new. His compilation, however, did much to preserve the information that had been discovered by earlier scholars.

During the middle ages practically nothing was done in science. The people were so completely bound to authority that original studies were almost unknown. Aristotle was the universal authority on all branches of science. The story is told of a heated discussion arising over the number of teeth in the horse's mouth. All the authorities were searched and ponderous writings submitted on this question that could have been so easily settled by simple observation. The whole attitude of mind led to a study of authorities who had written on nature rather than to a study of nature itself.

Science in the middle ages was fostered chiefly by the Arabs who believed in the pseudo-sciences of astrology and alchemy, but they did much to advance algebra and some of the sciences. By the end of the fourteenth century astrology reached the summit of its popularity. At this time everything that happened on the earth was attributed to the condition and position of the stars. Disease, weather, crop growth, and even personal fortune or misfortune were thought to be profoundly, if not completely, dependent on heavenly bodies. Man was in no sense thought to be master; he was considered to be merely a victim of the stars.

Tradition, belief in authority, and superstitions of the false sciences of astrology and alchemy long and successfully resisted the advance of knowledge. Time-honored ideas, nevertheless, received a rude shock at the hands of Copernicus (1473), and by

1600, when Giordano Bruno was burned at the stake, the germ of original investigation had been planted. In the next century perhaps the greatest revolution in thought that has occurred in all history swept the western world. To this many factors contributed: the genius of a few great men like Newton, Galileo, Harvey, Kepler, Descartes, Bacon, and Leibnitz; the invention of the telescope and the compound microscope; and the general awakening of thought by the Renaissance.

Before Galileo only two modern men of science are conspicuous: Copernicus, who studied the movements of heavenly bodies, and Vesalius (1514-1564) who overthrew the authority of Galen and studied at first hand the organization of the human body. Not until the seventeenth century did modern science gain a secure footing. In 1628 William Harvey, by adding experiment to observation, demonstrated the circulation of the blood and created a new physiology, and in 1687 Newton published his *Principia* which established the science of mechanics. These two contributions were so revolutionary that the earlier ideas of physical and biological science were almost completely upset; and through them a foundation was laid on which the structure of modern science could be reared.

In the eighteenth century the development of chemistry by Lavoisier aided by Scheele, Priestly, and others gave to scientists a new and powerful instrument for solving many of the mysteries of nature. In the early part of the nineteenth century there was almost a complete change in science. The old idea of the spontaneous origin of life was given up; the methods by which plants and animals feed and grow were discovered. Science was subdivided with specialists working on each of its branches.

Then followed a popular interest in science which resulted in the contribution of very much larger sums for research than could previously be obtained. Before this time the scientist was considered to be out of harmony with the rest of mankind; he was forced to carry on most of his investigations secretly. As the century advanced science gradually won a hearing. At first it was grudgingly tolerated; later its more conservative teachings were made a part of ordinary schooling, and toward the close of the century it was given a place of equal rank with classical subjects in the college curriculum. Since the middle of the century the practical service of science to mankind has gradually become so well known that today scientific research is considered to be as much a part of governmental duty as any branch of the public service.

The wisdom of diverting public funds and private endowments to scientific research and instruction will be more fully appreciated by a review of some of the contributions of science

to transportation, communication, medicine, manufacturing, agriculture, household economy, and other branches of human activity.

Probably in no practical phase of man's life have the discoveries of science yielded more far-reaching results than in transportation. It is only necessary to compare the old sailing vessel, the horse car, and the stage coach with the modern steam ship, the electric trolley, the steam-driven train, the automobile, and the flying machine, to realize what the discoveries that made these improvements possible have meant to civilization. It will be readily seen that the activities of the modern world would be utterly impossible with the old methods of transportation. When months were required to haul a wagon load of freight across the continent, it is obvious that nothing but the most precious commodities could be thus conveyed.

The casual observer looking at an automobile does not realize that it is made up of many complex parts each one of which probably required a number of stages of development on the part of scientific workers before it was finally completed. The electric current used in the spark, the workings of the internal combustion engine, the mechanism used in transmission, and the vulcanizing of rubber which made pneumatic tires possible, all demanded years of patient work on the part of scientists.

Closely associated with transportation are the improved methods of communication. Fast mails, the telegraph, the telephone, and the wireless telegraph and telephone, indicate the service that science has rendered to the communication of intelligence. At present only a few hours are required to learn the happenings in all parts of the world, while in the days before science discovered the uses of steam and electricity, months were necessary to convey news to the various parts of a country as large as the United States. In the old days business had to be confined largely to local transactions; today there is no geographical limit to exchange. Formerly the people knew practically nothing beyond local happenings; at present all feel themselves to be parts of an immense world community.

Human health and well being have been so materially aided by science that a return to the old conditions would arouse a feeling of horror in all who could realize the situation. It has not been many centuries since practically all bodily ailments were attributed to unfavorable stellar conditions or to evil spirits. The disease was diagnosed by a study of the stars rather than by an examination of the body.

The germ theory of disease had its origin as late as 1860 and was not thoroughly established until almost 1880. Before this time medicine was simply groping in the dark. A few specific treatments were known, but many of these were founded on

false principles. The work of Pasteur on the micro-organisms causing disease, and the application by Lister of the knowledge of these organisms in antiseptic surgery, have probably done more to overcome human suffering than all previous discoveries.

The utter helplessness of man in blindly coping with disease is realized when it is known that in Naples 300,000 people died in five months due to contagion, and in Constantinople 10,000 people died in a single day. As late as 1867, 3.4 per cent of the women confined in hospitals died, while today the mortality is only .08 of one per cent. Before the days of Pasteur and Lister about 41 per cent of those having a limb amputated died, while today the percentage has been reduced to about 5. These are only a few of the many illustrations that could be cited to show how scientific discoveries have helped in the control of disease and in the reduction of the death rate.

In manufacturing of every kind the discoveries of chemistry and physics have wrought such changes that scarcely any of the processes used by our grandparents are in use today. The new is being replaced by the newer. Electricity taken from the water fall and transmitted to where it can be best utilized now turns the wheels of machinery once operated by hand. In the digging and smelting of ore, in the making of iron and steel, and in the converting of these into articles of commerce all the processes have been improved by discoveries of science. Similar improvements have been made in the textile industries, in fact, every branch of manufacturing is now using science as a basis in production. Through science many luxuries that could formerly be enjoyed only by the rich are now placed at the disposal of everyone.

Such household conveniences as electric lights, steam heat, modern plumbing, and labor-saving machines have added much to the comforts of home and have given the housewife a greater opportunity to prepare herself for intelligent motherhood.

In agriculture, the oldest of the arts, the transformations due to science are scarcely less marked. From the time of the ancient Greek, when farm practice was often based on dogmatic traditions, to the present time when the principles underlying agriculture are well understood, the methods employed have changed radically. Practically all of this change has come during the last century since science has been used in solving the problems of the land.

Before 1840, when Liebig finally demonstrated the methods by which plants obtain their food, soil management was based on erroneous and wasteful ideas. Since that time the advances in agriculture have been so rapid that volumes would be required to record the discoveries. Every phase of farming has been improved, until today one man is able to produce as much

as was formerly produced by many. This means that the products of the farm can be furnished at a more reasonable rate, and also that many of those formerly required to produce the world's supply of farm products are now at liberty to engage in other productive enterprises.

Probably sufficient has been said to show how all the arts and industries of mankind have been profoundly influenced by the work of science. In brief, without the results of science we should find ourselves in isolated communities, dependent on local production, with no adequate means of transportation or communication, and subject to the ravages of disease. We would be forced to content ourselves with very few personal conveniences; and, worst of all, our minds would be dominated largely by superstitious ignorance regarding our surroundings. With the aid of science man is able to become master of his environment; he may harness the forces of nature and use them to advance his own welfare as well as to make the earth an abiding place worthy of his God-given intelligence. Best of all he is enabled to obey that part of the first command wherein he was given dominion over the earth and was required to subdue it.

Logan, Utah



Photograph from Underwood and Underwood, New York.
THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

This is one of the first photos of the revolution, showing revolutionary soldiers with red flag bearing the inscription: "Down with the Monarchy; Long live Democracy; Long live the Republic."



Outlines for Scout Workers

By Delbert W. Parratt, B. S.

XVIII—Ruby-Crowned Kinglet

Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?—*Longfellow.*

1. Why is the ruby-crowned kinglet so named?
2. Where does it spend the winter? The summer?
3. He is said to be a nervous little fellow. Why?
4. Contrast the male and female kinglet in size, color, and markings and tell why the differences.
5. Tell of the ruby-crowned kinglet's song.
6. Contrast the winter and summer flocking habits of these birds.
7. Tell when, where, and of what the nests are made.
8. How many and of what color are the eggs?
9. Upon what do these birds feed?
10. Should they be protected? Give at least two reasons for your answer.

Handy Material

I know a nimble little bird,
So tiny and so gay,
With ruby crown upon his head
And back of olive gray;
He flits and twists with no concern,
This lively acrobat.
Now who of you his name discern?
Speak up and tell me that.—*Guessing Game.*

Birds having crest feathers are said to wear crowns and some, for this reason, are referred to as kings. The one, for example, which catches fish and wears a crest or crown is commonly known as the kingfisher and, likewise, the beautiful crowned flycatchers are usually described as kingbirds. The

little fellow under consideration has a crown and is, therefore, rightly qualified to bear the royal title, but owing to his diminutive size he is more appropriately called a kinglet. His attractive crown feathers, somewhat concealed, are of rich crimson, suggestive of a ruby, and in consequence the little king is fittingly dubbed Ruby-Crowned Kinglet.

This feathered midget frequents most of the United States and Canada. His migratory range is much like that of the slate-colored junco, but covers a greater area. East of the Rocky Mountains, he habitually summers in southern Canada and winters southward to the Gulf of Mexico and even to Guatemala. In the west his migrations are much more limited. While he is found quite generally throughout the Rocky Mountains, as far north as Alaska, his change from summer to winter homes is in reality not very great. Ordinarily, in these regions, he breeds in high mountain altitudes where climatic conditions are cool and otherwise favorable. His winters are spent in the lower valleys and along the sea coast, where storms are less severe and where food may be had in greater quantities. Locally, he flocks in considerable numbers during warm, mid-summer months in the higher, brisking recesses of our Wasatch range, and during winter flits about in brush and trees of our and other near-by valleys.

During colder months the pert little fellows are seen, singly or in groups of not more than two or three, nervously skipping from limb to limb in such an active manner that it is usually quite difficult to get a satisfactory look at them. However, patient, "watchful waiting" will nearly always award the interested observer. The little, chattering acrobats will sooner or later reveal their identity.

As with most other birds, the male kinglet is somewhat larger than the female and his colorings brighter, and markings more pronounced. He measures from four to four and one-half inches in length and is thus among the smallest birds living in or visiting our valley. A quiet, grayish olive mantles his upper parts and blends to a lighter greenish cast on the rump. This affords a pleasing background for the showy, ruby crown feathers adorning his pert head. Dusky gray covers both wing and tail feathers, but this is enlivened by dainty streaks of buff along their edges, and each wing shows two cheering white bars in contrast with this somber gray. A narrow white ring partially encircles each eye and a dirty-white covers the under parts of his tiny body.

Females as well as immature males are lacking the characteristic ruby crown. This is a mark of beauty used to win attentions from coveted females during mating season, and in consequence, of course, has no place upon the less concerned

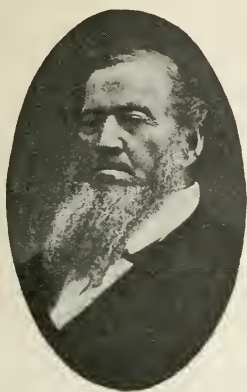
"lady and boy birds." In addition to showing his usually concealed "hat feathers," the exuberant male during this anxious season resorts to song to ingratiate himself into the good graces of his desired female. And what a sweet, modulated song it is! You wonder how such volume of ringing melody can come from such a tiny throat! "Its exquisite vocalization defies description."

In speaking of this remarkable lark and canary-like little musician, Leander Keyser writes: "Beginning with exceedingly fine whistle, which could not be heard far away, he descanted in sounds that it is impossible to convey in syllables. The best imitation of his song that I was able to make was the following: Tse-e-ek, tse-e-ek, tse-e-e-ek, cholly-cholly-cholly, che-che-che, pur-tie, pur-tie, pur-tie! the purtie accented strongly on the last syllable, and the whole performance closing with an interrogative inflection."

Thus with resonant song our cheer-giving, little friends take leave for cool mountain retreats to engage in the serious duties of building nests and rearing little ones. They are seldom content to remain in altitudes of less than eight thousand feet and almost never go beyond the upper limits of tree growth. As a rule, their partly prehensile nests are built at the ends of branches or tops of evergreen trees from ten to thirty feet above ground. They are neat and compact, made of bark fibers, moss, and the like, and lined with hair or feathers.

The delicate eggs, from five to nine in number, are whitish or buffy and usually spotted with light brown around the larger ends.

It is indeed interesting to watch these busy little kings nimbly peering and prying into nooks and corners of various trees examining for hidden insects, eggs, and larvae. Often one sees them fluttering, like humming birds, up and down or along limbs minutely scanning in quest of scanty food. According to the United States Department of Agriculture, these cheery, acrobatic wanderers are of inestimable value to orchardists. In referring to the good accomplished by the ruby-crowned kinglet, a government bulletin issued in 1913 said: "Three-fourths of its food consists of wasps, bugs, and flies. Beetles are the only other item of importance (12 per cent). The bugs eaten by the kinglet are mostly small, but, happily, they are the most harmful kinds. Treehoppers, leafhoppers, and jumping plant lice are pests and often do great harm to trees and smaller plants, while plant lice and scale insects are the worst scourges of the fruit grower—in fact, the prevalence of the latter has almost arisen to the magnitude of a national peril. It is these small and seemingly insignificant birds that most successfully attack and hold in these insidious foes of horticulture."



Brigham Young

He was born to be a leader of men.

He knew no rank but the front rank.

Fearlessly he hurled the banner of truth aloft, and
blazed a new trail.

With his great faith he did not move mountains, but
he crossed mountains which other men had considered impassable.

He founded an empire where men foretold that an
ear of corn would not grow.

His feet rested firmly on the earth, and his tread was
sure, but ever before his eye was "The Kingdom
of God."

In his youth he espoused a feeble and despised Cause,
but like a valiant soldier he saw that Cause become
a mighty power among men.

High honor to his name! Generations may come and
go before we look upon his like again.

Preston Nibley.

The Co-operative Plan of Salvation

Christ Alone Cannot Save You—Your Individual Effort Essential

By James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve

We believe that through the Atonement of Christ all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.

In earlier articles of this series it has been shown that mortality is divinely provided as a means of schooling and test, whereby the spirit offspring of God may develop their powers and demonstrate their characters. Every one of us has been advanced from the unembodied or preexistent state to our present condition, in which the individual spirit is temporarily united with a body of flesh and bones. Yet this promotion to the mortal state is regarded by many as a degradation; and we are prone to bewail the fallen condition of the race as an unmitigated calamity. The Scriptures make clear the glorious truth that man may rise far above the plane upon which he existed before his birth in the flesh. We have stooped that we may conquer; we have been permitted to descend only that we may attain greater heights.

The transgression of our parents in Eden was foreseen, and the Divine plan provided a means of redemption. The Eternal Father, who is verily the Father of our spirits, well understood the diverse natures and varied capacities of His unembodied children; and it was plain to Him, even from the beginning, that in the school of mortal life some would succeed while others would fail; some would be faithful and others false; some would choose the good, others the evil; some would seek the way of life while others would follow the road to destruction. He foresaw that His commandments would be disobeyed and His law violated; and that men, shut out from His presence and left to themselves would sink rather than rise, would retrograde rather than advance, and would be lost to the heavens. It was plain to Him that death would enter the world, and that the possession of bodies by His children would be of brief individual duration.

A Redeemer was chosen, and that even before the foundation of the world. He, the first-born among all the spirit chil-

dren of God, was to come to earth, clothed with the attributes of both Godhood and manhood, to teach men the saving principles of the eternal Gospel and so establish on earth the terms and conditions of salvation. In consummation of His mission, Christ gave up His life as a voluntary and vicarious sacrifice for the race. Through the Atonement wrought by Him the power of death has been overcome; for while all men must die, their resurrection is assured. The effect of Christ's Atonement upon the race is twofold:

1. The eventual resurrection of all men, whether righteous or wicked. This constitutes *Redemption* from the Fall, and, since the Fall came through individual transgression, in all justice relief therefrom must be made universal and unconditional. Thus we read:

"Therefore as by the offence of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation; even so by the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life" (Romans 5:18).

2. The providing of a means whereby reparation may be made and forgiveness be obtained for individual sin. This constitutes *Salvation*, and is made available to all through *Obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel*.

Between redemption from the power of death and salvation in the Kingdom of Heaven there is a vital difference. *Man alone cannot save himself; Christ alone cannot save him.* The plan of salvation is co-operative. The Atonement effected by the Lord Jesus Christ has opened the way; it is left to every man to enter therein and be saved or to turn aside and forfeit salvation. God will force no man either into heaven or into hell.

Hear the words of an Apostle of old, concerning the righteous judgment of the Almighty:

"Who will render to every man according to his deeds: To them who by patient continuance in well doing seek for glory and honor and immortality, eternal life. But unto them that are contentious, and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, indignation and wrath; Tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that doeth evil, of the Jew first, and also of the Gentile. But glory, honor, and peace, to every man that worketh good, to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile: For there is no respect of persons with God" (Romans 2:6-11).

Jacob, a Nephite prophet, has given us a masterly summary of the results of our Lord's Atonement, both as to the universal redemption from death, and the conditions upon which individual salvation may be obtained:

"For as death hath passed upon all men, to fulfil the merci-

ful plan of the great Creator, there must needs be a power of resurrection, and the resurrection must needs come unto man by reason of the fall; and the fall came by reason of transgression; and because man became fallen, they were cut off from the presence of the Lord; Wherefore it must needs be an infinite atonement; save it should be an infinite atonement, this corruption could not put on incorruption. Wherefore, the first judgment which came upon man, must needs have remained to an endless duration. * * * And it shall come to pass, that when all men shall have passed from this first death unto life, insomuch as they have become immortal, they must appear before the judgment-seat of the Holy One of Israel; and then cometh the judgment, and then must they be judged according to the holy judgment of God. * * * And he suffereth this, that the resurrection might pass upon all men, that all might stand before him at the great and judgment day. And he commandeth all men that they must repent, and be baptized in his name, having perfect faith in the Holy One of Israel, or they cannot be saved in the kingdom of God. And if they will not repent and believe in his name, and be baptized in his name, and endure to the end, they must be damned; for the Lord God, the Holy One of Israel, has spoken it" (Book of Mormon, 2 Nephi 9:6, 7, 15, 22-24).



M. I. A. Officers of Denver, Colorado

Top Row: Willard Call, class leader; Chauncey W. West, chorister; Angus Mortensen, member special activity committee; Jane W. Herrick, chairman special activity committee; Anne Snow, class leader, Ina Erickson, organist.

Bottom Row: Joseph C. Call, second counselor; Lester Herrick, secretary; John W. Herrick, president; John L. Herrick, Mission president; Marie Pitschke, president; Sybil Smith, secretary; Katherine Mortensen, first counselor; Pauline Christensen, second counslor.

The Useful Scout

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LUCY M. GREEN

Firm march time.

1. A scout is al - ways cheerful, and hopeful, and helpful; A
2. A scout is al - ways steady, and read - y for du - ty, To
3. A scout is al - ways mor - al; though youthful, he's truthful; A

scout is ev - er faith - ful and loy - al to his pledge. He
aid the weak and need - y, To push their load a - long. He
scout is ev - er loy - al To coun - try, home and flag. He

does one good turn ev - ery day, Is honest, brave and strong. A
puts his shoulder to the wheel, With earnest zeal and strong. A
loves the Red the White and Blue, His zeal for truth is strong. A

scout is al - ways use - ful, and hap - py all day long.
scout is al - ways use - ful, and hap - py all day long.
scout is al - ways use - ful, and hap - py all day long.

Repeat last four measures whistling.

Character—A Sermonet

By Robert J. Burdette

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."—*Proverbs 23:7.*

Someone has said, "Character is what a man is in the dark." What he is without an audience. His reputation may be grandstand play; a safe, senseless slide to second with the ball a quarter of a mile away—a cloud of dust and thunders of cheers from people who don't know the game. His character may be the sacrifice hit that brings him hisses from the same class of people—and advances the team.

What you wish you were, that's your ideal. What people think you are, that's your reputation. What you know you are, that's your character. To paraphrase Abraham Lincoln, you may fool some other people all of the time, but you can't fool yourself one little bit of the time.

Reputation is a variable estimate, depending not upon what people know about you, but upon their guesses, made from what they see of you. "We have lived together for fifty years," said the Left Hand, "and I never saw him do one charitable action." That's reputation. But all the time the generous Right Hand was the almoner of God, working in loving and secret fellowship with Him. That's character.

You will not drink wine, not even for politeness' sake, and at the table of an esteemed friend, and "our best society" says you are a fanatical, bigoted prohibitionist. You refuse to encourage a vile story with a smile. Some people say you are a cold-blooded hypocrite. You will not permit yourself to laugh at a funny story, well told, in which all the "laugh" is in its profanity. And folk say you are self-righteous. And you carry your Bible in your hand when you walk to Church. And they say "a canting Pharisee." Yet all the while your character is that of a sober, pure-minded, reverent, God-fearing man—a Christian. Four reputations—all bad, and one character which outweighs and outlasts the four, going into eternity with you.

Character—you won't find the word in your Bible. But there you learn what it is. The Bible isn't a dictionary—it's a Teacher. The primary meaning of the word "character" is an instrument for marking or graving; commonly, a mark engraved upon a plate of stone or metal; a figure cut deeply into

a plate of bronze by a chisel of steel. Now you begin to understand what character is?

Something which your daily life cuts deep and deeper into your soul day by day, and marks you, I pray, for one of God's men or women, even a special one among His millions. "To him that overcometh I will give a white stone, and in the stone [not on it, you will observe] a new name written, which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it." Isn't that glorious? Wonderously glorious? That new name, graven by the finger of God, in exclusive confidence with yourself, deep in the white pebble of your life—that's your character. Not Simon, as men called you, but Peter by the dear Lord's re-christening. What God knows you are, and what you know you are. Do you begin to understand what your character is?

Even the angels may never fully comprehend your true character. John quotes Christ as saying that it is a secret between God and yourself. Maybe God himself doesn't quite know your new name yet. He is learning it from your daily life. Are you setting him fair copy for that new name? Every day you pray the heavenly Father to watch over you and keep you from evil in your actions. Do you pray just as earnestly that he will watch just as carefully to see what you are thinking, hear what you are whispering, that he will look down into your deepest soul to note what are your secret inclinations? By these things you are shaping your character, God doesn't make it; you do.

Character is not builded up, like a house that can be torn down if it be found defective. It is being engraved, day by day, deep, deep, deep into your very soul—the immortal part of you. You can't rub it out. Should you try to cut it out, it will leave a hole that will have to be patched, a wound that may heal, but will heal with a scar. Character stands. And you can't write your character in the ragged years of the fag-end of a misspent life.

Christ can forgive the sins of a penitent thief on his death-bed. But he can't give him the character of an honest man. He was a thief all his life, and in death he is just a forgiven thief, a pardoned convict. The record stands. It can't be changed to show that the convict was never in the penitentiary.

Do you begin to see what a serious, earnest, prayerful life-work it is, the graving of your character?

"As a man thinketh, so he is." What do you think about when you are alone? How do you act when there is no audience? What manner of creature are you "in the dark"? What are your thoughts and inclinations when you think God isn't looking? What is your real name?—*Selected*.

Weighed in the Balance

By Charles W. Kingston

Stephen Jensen returned late from town. The night was dark and cold, the wind piercing, and the snow drifting until the roads were almost impassable. Jensen had been gone three days and Mrs. Jensen had been much worried about him. There were the canyon roads and slides to encounter. The day he left it had been thawing and the snow had slid from the mountain south of the house and piled up on the meadow at the foot of the hill and it was possible that Jensen would encounter just such a slide. So it was with no small feeling of relief that Mrs. Jensen heard her husband stop the horses just outside that stormy night. "Take the horses and put them up, your father will be cold after such a ride," were Mrs. Jensen's first words to the two older boys and Jensen was soon seated by the warm fire while his good wife busied herself putting his supper on the table.

As Stephen ate his supper he was very thoughtful. His wife's anxious questions, he would answer in the shortest way possible. His mind was filled with the awe of the storm and the recent worries of the road. In some places the horses were unable to follow it and if one of the faithful animals stepped a little too far to the side he would be floundering almost helplessly in the deep. Jensen would have waited for the storm to pass, but the folks at home were expecting him, so, true to his duty, he had made his way home.

But there was another matter upon Jensen's mind that weighed heavier than the memory of the storm or the road or the difficulties he had encountered in braving them. For that reason he was loth to have to meet his family and admit to them the truth. Stephen had been married fifteen years, during which time he and Nellie had lived happily together. They were the proud parents of six children, four boys and two girls, who were just at that age when they earned little and used much. The means to support such a family is no small thing. The question that Stephen so dreaded from his wife came at last. He had not ventured to tell her for he knew the pain it would send to her heart. "Did you get all the things Steve?" she asked. "I got the groceries," he said, "but I did not have money enough to get the other things. "But what will my poor children do without shoes. They are dressed hardly enough to cover their

bodies. Leo and Frank are wearing gunnysacks inside their overshoes and the overshoes about gone, too. The little ones must stay in the house as they have nothing to keep their little feet out of the snow." There was no need for Mrs. Jensen to remind her husband of these things. He already knew them too well, but it seemed to relieve her to tell them, so Stephen sat in silence, although it was like pouring hot coals upon him. He had only said: "I can't help it, my dear; I can't help it." She then continued, almost wildly: "Can't help it? There isn't another family around here that don't dress their children better than we do. There's Anderson's who have had no better chance than we have had, and they have a buggy to go to town and meeting in, besides they don't have to keep their children from Sunday School and meetings for the want of Sunday clothes, and here we can't hardly keep ours covered for every day, and no shoes."

Something in his wife's words had set Stephen to thinking how it was that his neighbor could feed and clothe his family properly on the same amount of land as he had. They had come to the country together, had bought forty acres each of the same eighty, both were hard workers but for some reason there was a difference, but Steve had never thought of it that way before. Anderson had just built a new house, kept his family well, and seemed to be prospering, while Jensen's family lived in the same log cabin, and had now reached the time when their income was insufficient to meet their needs. He had one team; and the two cows that furnished the family with milk were getting old. Jensen had to sell the calves as soon as they were ready for veal, while neighbor Anderson had kept his calves and was getting quite a herd around him which of course helped the income.

When the boys came in from tending the horses they carried the box of groceries in, and before retiring Mrs. Jensen carefully took the different articles out of the box and put them away in the cupboard. Among the articles she found two bills and taking them up she saw that one was the itemized bill of the things that Stephen had brought home, and the other one was neighbor Anderson's. Stephen had brought a month's supply out for Anderson also, and left it at his house as he passed. The clerk at the grocery had evidently put both bills in Jensen's box by mistake. "What is Anderson's bill doing in our box?" Mrs. Jensen asked of her husband. "I don't know," was his reply, "let me see it." As he remembered from ordering there was little difference between the two bills of groceries, but since a question had arisen in his mind, and he reached for the bills thinking that they might throw a little light on the subject.

After breakfast the next morning Stephen walked over to neighbor Anderson's. He had slept but little the night previous

for he had thought much over his state of affairs, and before he closed his eyes in sleep, in the early hours of the morning, he decided to have a talk with his old friend, Jim. He did not like to acknowledge his condition on account of his pride, but as any one could almost read the truth by looking at his children's clothes, he knew that he only would be admitting what was already well known. It was nothing new for him to go over to Anderson's, especially in the winter, when the work is not so crowding. Jensen found his neighbor in the barn. He greeted him as usual. It was very hard for Steve to bring himself to his subject, but after discussing the weather, roads, and other things, he finally said: "Well, Jim, I came this morning on a very peculiar errand. You and I came to this country together. We had just married the two girls of our choice and settled here to make a living and a home. I did very well up until the last year or two in regard to providing a living, but now it seems that I have reached the place where my family is too large or the farm too small, or something. Last time I went to town, I only had enough to buy what few groceries we needed, and our children are without shoes. Their clothing is insufficient to keep them warm, and, to tell the truth, we don't know what to do. The farm is still under mortgage and I am afraid that we are not going to be able to make a go of it unless something unexpected comes up." James Anderson truly sympathized with Jensen and his family, as a good neighbor should. Steve continued, "I did not come to ask you for money to help us, Jim, but I thought that you might be able to tell me why it is that you are prospering and I am not, and if you can, then I consider that you will have done me a greater favor than if you had given me money."

Neighbor Anderson, being touched by his friend's humble confession, and desiring to help him, led the way into the house where he was warmly greeted by Mrs. Anderson and the children who asked him why he had not brought Nellie and the children with him. To save Stephen any embarrassment James interrupted, "He has come to talk over a little matter, and we would like a room to ourselves." To which Mrs. Anderson kindly conceded. As he passed the cupboard James took some slips of paper out which he held in his hand.

Seating themselves in the room, after closing the door, neighbor Anderson commenced very kindly, "Well, Steve, I am so glad that you have come here today. I almost realized your condition, and would have broached the subject to you if only I had dared. I was afraid, however, because I thought I might offend and make an enemy of you, and I felt that we had lived here as neighbors too long to have anything mar our friendship. Just last night my attention was more closely drawn to this very

subject. You know that you stopped and brought my groceries in as you passed, and when Mabel was placing them in the cupboard she found the bills for both your groceries and mine in the box, and here they are." "Now, that's strange," said Steve, wondering, "both bills were in our box also, but I see now the clerk has put the original bills in with your groceries and in mine the carbon copies. It seems to have been a mistake." "That part doesn't matter so much," said James, "but I believe that from a close study of these two bills will be found the reason of my success and your failure. You have worked just as hard and intelligently as I have, we have planted practically the same crops, from year to year, and I believe the only difference lies in the things that these two bills plainly show. This time we seemed to have purchased almost the same things and this serves to show the difference more plainly. We will now consider the bills. Mine is as follows:

Flour	\$ 4.85
Sugar	2.35
Matches05
Salt25
Cinnamon15
Oatmeal80
Cornmeal40
Beans50
Rice90
Dried fruit	1.20
	<hr/>
	\$11.45

We will now look over your bill which is as follows:

Flour	\$ 4.85
Matches20
Baking powder25
Coffee	1.05
Tea50
Sugar	2.50
Chewing tobacco60
Smoking tobacco	1.20
Rolled oats15
Cornmeal	1.20
Rice	1.40
Beans50
.....	.50
	<hr/>
	\$14.90

"It happens that our bills are very much alike this month with the exception of the tobacco, the coffee and the tea, and I believe that these small items have made the difference of which we have spoken." Steve looked surprised but said nothing. "On your bill you have four boxes of matches to light your

smokes, three pounds of coffee, two pounds of tea, \$1.20 for smoking and sixty cents for chewing tobacco, making a total of \$3.45 a month, on your bill that is not on mine. These items have been there fifteen years. Don't you think that they have a pretty solid place there when they will even displace shoes and clothing for the children? Three dollars and forty-five cents a month is \$41.40 a year. Suppose you had kept this amount to buy things you really needed, and kept some of those calves that you thought you had to sell? We have \$41.40 the first year, the second year we add the same amount, with 10% interest, which gives us the sum of \$86.94, at the end of the second year. If we keep on adding this amount with the interest for fifteen years we will have the sum of \$1,331.30. You will realize that had you saved your calves and colts instead of smoking them up, you would have made more than 10% interest. I do not think that we would be far off if we say that, had you and your family been observers of the Word of Wisdom you would have been as far on, or farther ahead than me and my family. These things not only rob your bank account, but they weaken your body and affect your brain. I think that if the German scientist who invented the device to measure the efficiency of men should make some investigations in regard to tobacco, tea and coffee, he would find that they are almost as harmful as rum in lowering one's powers.

"There is also another and more important side to this question. What we have already said has had to do with the temporal, but I believe that the spiritual side is more important still. While it is very true that all people who are users of these things do not lack the necessities of life because of them, yet we have clearly shown what a needless load they are to carry, and I believe we would be safe in assuming that a large per cent of the children who are poorly clothed and half fed owe this condition to these very things. Now so far as spiritual life is concerned you cannot use tobacco and advance, you have reached your limit of progress until such a time as you are able to become the master of tobacco. Tobacco, coffee and tea are keeping you and your wife and children away from Sunday School and meetings. You don't feel that you can dress them fit to attend these services, and therefore the children are missing the very teachings they so badly need to protect them from temptation and sin. They will build up improper ideals, and I think I will be safe in saying that they are very apt to marry into the poorest families instead of the best families in the community. When I say poor I do not refer to dollars and cents, but to ideals. I fail to understand why any woman will sit meekly by and see her husband smoke and chew away a part of the income, especially at the expense of shoes and clothing, and many times

food for the family, also, at the expense of the lofty ideals that it is every wife's right to demand shall be taught and lived into the lives of her children.

"And for those who can use these things without depriving their families of the necessities of life, would they not be able to make a name for themselves in self sacrifice if they would donate the money where it is needed? What a lot of missionaries it would keep! What a mass of advertising it would do to get the gospel message before people whom it would bless! What hospitals it would build, schools, libraries and other great institutions, and in these uses it would be blessing instead of damning the world."

As Stephen Jensen walked toward home, he drew a deep breath, and with his head erect, and his mouth set in determination, he became as a soldier going to battle. He was going home to set his house in order. When he reached the house, he called the family together and taking the tobacco, the coffee and the tea out of the places they had occupied for fifteen years, he placed them on the table. "My wife and children," he said with emotion, "mother asked me last night why we could not have shoes and clothing and other desirable things like our neighbors have. I pondered and studied on it most of the night, without knowing why, and did not go to sleep until I had decided to go and see what neighbor Anderson knew about it. He showed and proved to me beyond a doubt that these are what have deprived us of the things that we now so sorely need; not only that, but that they are damning us spiritually, because they already have us on the road that leads to destruction. I have decided for my part to throw them to the winds. First our family has been taken from under the influence of the Church, for want of clothes. For this cause they associate with people of the same class, and when they become older they are sure to marry men who use tobacco and perhaps rum, because our way of living has placed them in this condition. Now, I want you all to stand by me in my decision, and let us resolve with a firm determination to turn our backs on these enemies of our race."

It is needless to say that Nellie, the dear wife and her children, supported Stephen in this his firm resolve, and that in that very hour a month's supply of body-weakening, soul-destroying junk was consigned to the flames and that Stephen Jensen and his family started upward and became an influence for good in the community instead of a dead load that held it back.

Idaho Falls, Idaho

The Girl who Changed her Mind

By Henry Nicol Adamson

It was at six o'clock each morning that old Penelope appeared in the great, dreary waiting-room of an English railway depot. And what can look more dreary than a depot waiting-room in the early hours, before even the fire has been lighted to give it a semblance of cheerfulness? But Penelope did not think it dreary in the least. For one thing, she had no time. The grate had to be cleaned out and the fire laid. Then the floor was large, and took some time to go over. And by the time it was all done, and the firelight glittering on the wet linoleum, to the old woman's eyes it seemed quite a cheerful spot. And it was her sitting-room for all day, too.

For nine long years she had washed that floor in the early hours, till she knew the exact spots where the pattern had worn off the linoleum, but it was just a year since Nellie Calder, who used to look after the waiting-room during the day, died; and Penelope had been asked to fill her place for a day or two. She was filling it yet, and probably would fill it till death claimed her, too.

It was hard work, for she had to hurry home after her cleaning to her English attic room, to get into her rusty black that she might not disgrace her proud position. Then for the rest of the day the world was bounded for her by the smoke-blackened wall of the great depot. But then, what a world it was! Penelope's old head was full of stories she had seen or heard, or imagined, about the people who passed through. And since the war began the great depot had become quite thrilling. What partings Penelope had seen, and what meetings, too!

"What a frightfully dull life you must have here, you poor old creature!" a lady remarked one day, looking at the wrinkled old woman out of a soft nest of black fur. She wore a black fur hat, and a black fur stole, and a black fur jacket; and on her knee was a huge granny muff; and Penelope admired her immensely.

"Would you mind poking the fire for me and putting on more coal? I should die if I had to remain in this dreadful place."

Penelope gazed at her in genuine amazement. She always was amazed when people pitied her.

"It may seem dreadful to you, ma'am, but not to me," she

said mildly. "It's nice to have a fire to sit by, and people are getting to know me, and it's 'Good morning, Penelope!' and 'How are you today?' So it's never lonesome. And there's weddings, and there's funerals to be seen going through here. And the brave lads in khaki going away so proud! Yes, it's like one big story book. Not that I've read much out of books, ma'am. There wasn't much learning in my young days in England. But there's many a story outside of books."

The lady stared at this queer old creature who actually seemed quite contented with her lot.

A little, elderly gentleman appeared just then with the intelligence that time was up.

"I do hope your poor feet are warmer now, my love?" he said solicitously. "I have spoken very severely to the guard about the poor heating of the train."

"Thanks!" the lady said languidly, rising. And without another look or thought for the old woman, followed the gentleman to the platform.

"Might be her grandfather for age, but much too fussy," old Penelope decided shrewdly. "Rich old husband," and she went to the door of her waiting-room to watch the couple to their carriage. She saw the girl establish herself, while her husband wrapped a rug about her knees. Then she saw the old gentleman run to the bookstall at the last minute for some special paper for which his wife had asked—at the imminent risk of losing his life or the train—for the latter was moving when the angry guard pushed him in and closed the door.

And Penelope went back to her place by the fire and the khaki stockings she was knitting, shaking her head over the ways of the rich. "There's them that never thinks they have enough, and she's one of them," she decided. "And the more he gives her, the more she'll want." And Penelope had, without knowing it, struck at the root of a lot of the unhappiness of the world.

It was about half an hour later that same afternoon that Penelope sat in the gathering twilight, her stocking in her lap, a rather thin and ugly cat purring contentedly on top of it.

Penelope was nodding. She nodded at this special time every afternoon, because there was a slackening of trains just then, and in the covered-in depot it grew very dark before the lights were put on—too dark to knit. So this was the cat's half hour, and puss knew it as well as she did. She was nodding, and dreaming that she was gathering flowers on the hillside by the cottage where she had been a child, and that she heard the rush of the hill water-fall—it was just a train letting off steam in reality—when the door opened and a girl entered, and drawing a chair toward the fire roused Penelope to real life again.

"Oh, my dear! I'm afraid I was asleep!" she said apolo-

getically. I was having a fine dream—that I was a child again in the country. Not that I'd like to have life all to go over again; for I've buried my father and my mother, my husband and my children. But I've little to complain of—for there were no quarrels among us to speak of, and I've been provided for most wonderful. There's ups and downs in life, but take it all in all, it's good."

"Do you mean to tell me," the girl said in a sharp, fretful voice, "that you think life worth living? I don't see how you can!" and she cast a disparaging glance round the waiting-room.

"Aren't we allowed any lights in here?" she added impatiently. "I can't even read!"

Penelope stirred the fire slightly, so that a flickering flame showed her the girl's face—pretty, but for the frown on the brow, and the discontent of eyes and lips. "We're not lit up for half an hour yet, and not much even then for fear of the Zeppelins!" she said apologetically. And then she went on talking, partly to pass the time, and partly because she liked to talk.

"You see, it's this way, miss," she said, stroking the cat. "Looking back, I sometimes wonder how I got through. But at the time it wasn't so bad, for there was always something to do for those who were ill, and when they were gone—there were things to do for those that were left alive. And if you do the thing you've got to do at the time, it usually comes out right. However, that's what I've found, miss. Same as the war. We'd just got to go in, and ain't it turning out all right?"

"I remember once, when I was a young thing, being sorely tempted to leave my old mother, who was bedridden, and go to the large cities. Other girls done so, and saw a bit of the world. Why shouldn't I? And I got cross and restless, and made up my mind to go. I was to go on the Tuesday. But on the Sunday previous the old minister preached about doing the duty that lay to your hand—about people who turned their backs upon the duties they had, and went out to look for others; and so lost their blessing—the blessing of peace. He said these people just got more and more discontented. They never found what they wanted, because they started wrong.

"I didn't go away. It seemed to me, miss, that God had sent me a message, as he used to do to people in the Bible. So I stayed at home and looked after my old mother to the end. And then I married, and attended to the wants of my husband and children. And I never forgot that sermon, and never will—for it's helped me all through life. I've always just done the duty that came, and you'd wonder how simple it's made things.

"And now I'm all by myself. But I've got my work to do; and when I dose by the fire I'm young again at times. And

sometimes my children are with me. I'm not crying, miss, don't think it!" Penelope added, passing the back of her hand over her eyes. "But you've set me talking. I've nothing to cry about, for I've plenty of work, and people are very kind to me. Then there are the cats that all know and like Penelope. And the soldiers have all a kind word in the passing, bless them." The cat purred loudly, and the old woman smiled with pride. "Hark to it!" she said. "I do believe it knows what I'm saying. Yes, I've a lot to be thankful for—a peaceful and contented mind."

The girl had sat listening—and as she listened, a change came over her face—the frown and discontent which had utterly married it melted away—it was as if a cloud had passed from the sky, leaving the beautiful blue.

"If that's your train, miss, you've hardly time to get it, for it just stops for a minute!" Penelope remarked as a train came up with a rush and a roar.

The girl rose to her feet, and stood hesitating for a moment.

"Thanks," she said, then in a low voice, "I don't think I shall go by it after all. Good night!"

Penelope looked after her with a puzzled expression. She had noticed the changed countenance, but she could not account for it.

* * * * *

It was a year later, and a very frosty morning, and Penelope was at her place the same as ever. It was still the same hat and the same dress, but they never seemed to grow any older, any more than Penelope herself did. Perhaps they had reached a stage when it was impossible to grow older. Cold as it was, Penelope, looked wonderfully cheerful. There is something exhilarating about very frosty weathy, she found. It seemed to sting people to fresh life—people, who, as a rule would have stood listlessly about, stamped and blew, and flapped their arms. And the school children always brought a positive rush of life and cold into the waiting-room with them, and she had hard work to prevent them from ruining their shoes for ever by placing them on the bars of the grate, not to speak of poking the fire with their toes.

"The which is sure ruination, my dears!" as she remarked to them. They laughed at her gaily. What was the ruination of shoes to them? They were rather fond of getting new ones. Penelope herself found the intense cold rather trying, for she had no extra wraps; but she liked to see other people enjoying the best, and if her back was kept cold by the draughts from the opening and shutting doors, she could always keep her feet warm which was more than a lot of poor creatures could do.

More than the soldiers could do, poor fellows, in their wet trenches.

She had just sent the riotous children off to the train that was to bear them to school, and had retired gladly to her fire again, when the door opened and someone came quickly across the floor.

It was a girl dressed in black—a girl with fair hair framing a fair face—a face at once peaceful and happy. Penelope regarded her with pleasure and admiration. There were all different kinds of faces, and different kinds of prettiness she had discovered since she became the guardian of the waiting-room. There was beauty of complexion and feature, that after all turned out not to be beauty at all, because there was no happiness nor sweetness to light it. But this girl had what old Penelope felt to be real beauty. “Good morning, ma’am. Fine seasonable weather!” she said cheerfully.

Sudden tears dimmed the blue eyes of the girl, who had been regarding her steadily.

“Oh, you’re just perished with cold, I can see that!” she said impulsively. “You should have warm mitts and a warm shawl, and you shall, too. But you’d never dream of complaining, I know that. I ought to know—for it taught me a lesson—the lesson I have come back this morning to thank you for. Don’t you recognize me?”

She stood before the fireplace and looked down at the old woman.

Penelope peered up at her—then shook her head.

“I seem somehow to know your face,” she said apologetically. “And yet I don’t; and I’m not one, remember, that forgets—though I do see a lot.”

“Do you remember,” the other said—“a year ago now—one afternoon telling a girl your story—the story of how you grew discontented, and were going to leave your old mother, but for a sermon that stopped you, and gave you something to cling to through life—a rule to go by? Do you remember now?”

“Yes, I do remember,” Penelope said after a moment’s thought. “I remember the girl seemed discontented and unhappy, and I’d have liked to help her if I could, but there’s nothing the like of me can do.”

“Well, you just did everything,” the girl said in a low voice. “Listen, and I will tell you what you did. I am that girl—what you made of her.” And she smiled, though tears still glistened in her eyes.

“That afternoon,” she went on, seating herself before the fire, and looking into it as if seeing in its red heart the picture she drew. “I had turned my back upon my home—upon duties that I found irksome—and that I thought quite

unworthy of the talents I imagined myself to have. I had a fragile old mother who needed a good deal of attention; an old father, often fretful, trying, and exacting. It was ridiculous that I should stay at home there wasting my talent for nursing upon them, when I might go and be a real nurse. I told myself it was my duty to go and nurse the soldiers. There was a cry for nurses, and it would be so interesting—not dull, like the nursing I had to do! I wanted to help my country, to do something for our brave boys!

"That was what I said to myself. What I really wanted was work with a little more excitement, a little more show about it. I didn't want the duties to my hand. I wanted to go out and look for duties for myself. My father and mother had a small income. They had a roof over their heads, and a little maid to do the work for them. What more could they want? What right had they to expect me to remain at home attending to them—putting up with all their little ways? It was ridiculous! I was not needed, and I was not appreciated there. I would go where I would be! The soldiers seemed always so cheerful! It would be a pleasure to work for them!"

"Yes, yes!" old Penelope put in, "I know the feeling."

"I had a friend in a hospital, and she told me of a vacancy as probationer. I was on my way to see about it that afternoon a year ago," the girl went on. "If I'd gone I would have been accepted, for the matron was a friend of my friend, and was keeping the position open for me. Besides, of course, they require a lot of nurses just now. But—but I didn't go. You spoke of that old minister's sermon seeming like God's message to you. Your words were God's message to me. I had the sense—foolish as I was—to recognize that—to listen, and to go back to the duty that had been given to me. And—Penelope, I went back to it in a different spirit. I looked on everything with different eyes. For the first time I saw how really helpless and dependent my old mother was—for the first time the sight smote my heart, and I remembered her—strong and vigorous—always attending to our wants—and never thinking of herself. And then my old father. I began to understand that he was fretful because he could no longer help.

"That night, with my arms about my mother, I confessed all the selfish wickedness that had been in my heart; and then I started afresh. I started with love and understanding to help me. You had removed the scales from my eyes, and I saw aright now. I found that I was needed every minute of the day. Both my mother and father grew feebler, and they looked to me for everything; and it was a joy to me to serve them—to feel that I was indeed needed. Others less tied could nurse the soldiers—no one could have taken my place. My Red Cross was here.

"As my mother was dying she smiled at me and said—'You haven't found your burden so heavy after all, my girl. I scarcely think you've found me a burden this last while!'"

"My father died within a few days. He was quite unable to live without my mother; and then my hands were empty. The duties which I had thought so irksome a short time before were taken from me, and I felt lost."

"Poor child, poor child!" Penelope put in, wiping a tear from her eyes.

"And then—and then," the girl went on, in a low voice, "came the reward I scarcely deserved, and which I would have lost for ever if I had gone my own selfish way. The doctor who had been attending my father and mother had given me his heart. He said he could not help loving me, seeing me so loving and devoted. So—I have new duties now. They have come to my hand, Penelope, and I felt that I must come back and tell you that the message which God sent to you, you have handed on to me. And I, in my turn, will hand it on to others—so that the good that you have done will never die."

"Oh, ma'am!" old Penelope said tremulously. "I never dreamt—"

"No, of course not," the girl said, with a sweet smile. "We often sow a seed without knowing what will spring from it. I dare say you have sown many seeds here, Penelope."

And she stooped hurriedly and kissed the old woman's wrinkled cheek—just before the door of the waiting-room opened, and a stream of chilly travelers came in.



The New Presidency of Box Elder Stake.

These brethren were sustained and set apart as the Presidency of the Box Elder Stake of Zion, on March 18, 1917, at the regular quarterly conference: S. Norman Lee, president; Victor E. Madsen, first, and Joseph N. Stohl, second counselor, all of Brigham City, Utah.

Moral Education of the Adolescent

By Newel K. Young

X—The One Essential Method

There is just one vital and essential method in education. It is the contagion of influence and character—the impelling influence of one personality upon another. The great Teacher said to his followers, “Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted?”

President King well says:

“But the one final method back of all subsidiary methods is the contact of life with life. Ultimately the one indispensable thing is a man of character and judgment, and the honest response of honest souls to such a soul. Granted that, the most faulty methods cannot wholly fail. Lacking that, the most scientific pedagogy will not suffice. The method of contagion of the good life is the inevitable method. Finally we are shut up to that.”^a

Hear these prophetic words of Frank Cramer as a witness to the same truth:

“There is a latent moral power in our half million common school teachers that we have hardly tested yet. When they become fully conscious of it themselves, they will be the American prophets of morality. Even when we are fully agreed on what moral training should be given, we have only stated the problem. The solution depends upon the moral quality of the teacher. Earth’s greatest religion was made so by the example of its founder. At the end of its long, historical vista stands his great personality and dissolves all moral questions into a personal relation. * * * * Moral enthusiasm is the leaven of the school as well as of society. Children are the first to recognize both disinterested service and its opposite. A teacher who has her hat and gloves on when the dismissal bell rings cannot give moral training.”^b

While Prof. Starbuck has this to say:

“Thus it is that every thing that is going on in the life of a teacher, which finds its expression in the quality of her personality is filtering and seeping into the lives of her pupils. She can in reality hide nothing. Whatever she is in the depths of her life is forming a part of the atmosphere of the school, and this atmosphere is in turn forming unconsciously the lives of her pupils, in the same way that the air, sunshine, moisture and elements of the soil are feeding the life of the plant.

“Thus it is becoming to be demonstrably true that out of the heart are the issues of life. There is nothing more pervasive than character.

^aH. C. King, *Religion as Life*, p. 62.

^bFrank Cramer, *Moral Training in Public Schools*, p. 161.

Morality is as catching as wild fire; it is as contagious as disease, or as sin. *We know all this, after a fashion, but shall not have appreciated it at its full worth until the best, maturest, and largest spirited men and women are secured and retained in the teaching profession.*

"It is impossible for a teacher to teach what she hasn't got down deep within her heart. It is as impossible for her to have a devout nature and keep it hidden beneath the routine of the school day as it is to pollute a spring of pure water, or quench a fire by throwing fagots upon it."^c

We must constantly be conscious, fellow teachers, that by the appointment of our calling we are put in the company of sages, prophets, and seers—we become comrades of the world's great ones, the teachers and leaders, with Jesus as the Captain of the host.

XI—Our High Callings

Both as parents and teachers we must keep ourselves so pure in heart that we may have true visions of God and his glory. This will enable us to see in each child that he is the offspring of God; thus, seeing the streaks of divine gold in his nature in the midst of the common dust of human weakness, we will be able to appeal to the good, thereby winning him to the best. We must feel deeply the Savior's estimate of the worth of the child. He sets *each* child above the whole material world.

Let us gird ourselves for the crises through which we are passing. And though the fight be a hard one, even a fight to the death, let us rejoice in our opportunities to help redeem the world. We must feel deeply the poet's conviction when he said:

"We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time;
In an age on ages telling;
To be living is sublime."

Let us realize "that the worth of a man is determined by what comes out of him, by the service he renders, rather than by what enters in. * * * There are those who conceive that culture—if it is more than veneer—is a refinement that can be obtained only by direct participation in social life. Such contact with the world may bring embarrassment, temptation, and failure, as well as their opposites; but all of these, instead of debasing, are the very experiences which purify and make gentle; they are the fire without which the refining process could not take place. Culture means to these people the ennobling effect of such actual struggle upon a person's whole outlook on life, and upon his way in general of conducting himself; and the cultured man is pictured by them as in action, even with his sleeves rolled up, engaged in the accomplishment of high purposes."^d

In spite of our poor pay and uncertain length of service, and overwork, let us feel that if we are fit at all for our high calling,

^cE. D. Starbuck, *Moral Training in Public Schools*, pp. 97, 98.

^dFrank M. McMurry, *How to Study*, pp. 198-202.

that our worth cannot be measured in money, one's salaries cannot be his reward, if so he is not worth even the *little* he gets. We are paid for our time that we may live; not for our service or worth. For our reward we must look among the spiritual and eternal blessings of our calling; and the reward is ample and certain if the service be true and loving.

Henry Suzzallo says:

"The teacher is, in short, a minister to the intellectual, moral, and spiritual crises of childhood."^e

"Oh, it is great to be a teacher. It is wonderful to be a teacher. A true teacher can never grow old. A true teacher can never die except the death be within. Think what it means! Your whole life is spent with Youth: aggressive, progressive, suggestive Youth. Think what it means to throw your greatness around their incompleteness, round their restlessness, your rest! It is a divine privilege to be a teacher! A perpetual benediction of Youth to be a teacher!"^f

XII—Religion in the Schools

By wise provision our country has ruled that religious doctrines cannot be taught in the schools. I agree with this provision and heartily support it. Yet we must recognize that the necessity for this ruling is fraught with grave danger. Every attempt in the world's history to keep a people morally upright without religious motives and convictions has met with failure and ruin. Many of our educators see this danger. Prof. Hall says: that belief in immortality and in God during the latter period of youth gives stronger and better training to the will than any other belief or instruction can do. He says that even if we should find that that belief was false we should still have to teach God and a future life as the only means of making a righteous people. Of course, I take it that the only thing that gives this belief power over the hearts of men is *that it is true*. He further says that the schools to be successful must keep the young from crime.

Prof. Thompson says this:

"I am disposed to believe, therefore, and because I believe I therefore declare, that the nation at large will never lose its moral quality until it loses its vision of God. This vision will interpret all of human beauty, and measure all bonds of obligation."^g

The above words were spoken at one of the sessions of our N. E. A., in 1914. During one of the sessions of the meeting of the superintendents of the N. E. A., in 1913, Supt. Schaeffer, one

^eHenry Suzzallo, *N. E. A. Proceedings*, 1913, p. 368.

^fF. E. Raymond, *N. E. A. Proceedings*, 1913, p. 626.

^gThompson, *N. E. A. Proceedings*, 1914, pp. 110. 111.

of the great and venerable educators of our land, spoke these words:

"Occasionally I find a high school teacher who delights to poke fun at the religious faith of his pupils, or the pupil's parents. A worse service no teacher can render. Destroy faith in things unseen and eternal and you have robbed the people of the strongest support in the midst of the trials and disappointments and sorrows of this life. When you stand at the open grave that is to swallow and close over the remains of a departed child, or friend, faith and heavenly recognition means more than all the bushels of corn which can be raised in the Mississippi valley.

"There is a higher life of thought, faith, hope, and love, which can be promoted or destroyed by the teacher and his teaching, a life which turns on the unmeasurable and the immeasurable in teachers and teaching, and which in the end must determine whether failure or success shall be written over the doors of our public schools."^h

While I agree that no man should be allowed to teach the tenets of his own faith or creed, I protest against the partial way in which this ruling is carried out. While men of faith, whose words are words of life, are bridled and their mouths are closed against the great immortal hopes of Christian faith, there is one creed, the advocates of which are permitted free rein to prate their wares in our schools from ocean to ocean. These people preach their doctrines in all the schools from the kindergarten to the university without check or hindrance. Yet the words they teach are words of death—for they kill the "mighty hopes that make us men." They resent the declaration that their opinions form a creed, but I declare them to be the narrowest of all the sects, and the shallowest and cheapest, too. I take it that you are all ready to name this creed without my needing to do so. I refer to the "free thinkers," the skeptics of the land. By freedom to think they mean freedom for all men to think as they do. All others they meet with boastful mockery and ridicule. Yet to the young and thoughtless they appeal with pretty phrases about independence and freedom with a power that is especially dangerous to the boy of high school age. For the immature mind fails to see that their pretense of freedom and independence is a shallow mockery; that while they chatter about breadth of view and freedom of life they are the narrowest of all the sects, and the slaves of folly and doubt. While they claim to believe only that which may be demonstrated they are really the blindest followers of the blind; that while they sneer at the religious man as a bigot their very attitude of boastful ridicule at the faith of another brands them as the greatest bigots of all. Should freedom of belief mean the right to believe little or much? In the name of the Christian fathers and mothers of this glorious land of America, and especially of those

^hSupt. Nathan C. Schaeffer, *N. E. A. Proceedings*, pp. 171, 172.

of our mountain valleys here, I protest against the freedom that these fellows enjoy to destroy the very life and hope of life of the young. If we close the mouth of the man of faith, I insist that we must gag the skeptic and the doubter. Whether or not the manhood and womanhood of the nation shall be preserved in purity and strength depends much upon our staying the hand and stopping the mouth of this fellow who goes about sowing the seeds of sin and death in our schools. It is time that we speak out loud about this vital matter.

XIII—Conclusion.

In conclusion I suggest an affirmative answer to the following as fitting tests for high school and college students before graduation: "Have you any visions of your own? Have you moral and spiritual insight that mean anything to you? Have you God-given convictions wrought into the very fibre of your own life? Have you any message that is yours and that you feel you must utter? Have you any indignations and enthusiasms that shake you to the center of your being?" Do you feel that you were sent into the world, divinely called to do your life's work? Do you realize that "great achievement is possible only to him who goes to his daily work feeling that he is divinely called to it?"

Let us impress each child with the fact that he is to live his own life. That he has an individuality to develop that is different from every other life that has been or will be in the world. He has a flavor, a message to give, and a work to do that are peculiarly his own. Make him feel that he is born to be big, great and good. Help him to see that he is endangered hourly by the temptation of the good as it calls for him to stay in the valley below, the valley of the good, when he should be struggling toward the mountain peaks above—living on the heights of the best.

Let us face each day's work with faith and love and courage that knows no failure and admits no defeat. We must go to each day's work in whatever little nitch or corner we are called to labor in the spirit with which the little woman who had left a home of culture, comfort, and all that gladdens the heart, faced each day in her little homestead shanty in North Dakota. She had the heart, in writing back home to her mother and sisters, to pen these lines:

"And I the priestess? Ah, I would
The gifts and grace were mine
To be the priestess that I should
In a house thirteen by nine."

(The End)



Kirtland



Nauvoo



St. George

Zion's Temples

A seer, a prophesying man,
First led the way and marked the plan;
The Kirtland House of Prayer and Glory
Unfolds our realistic story.

Upreared by zealous workers true,
The next appears in fair Nauvoo,
A crowning joy 'midst tribulation—
Enroute for westward immigration.

Across the miles of desert sand,
In southern Utah's Dixie-land,
Is temple of St. George, in token
Of truthful word by prophet spoken.

Upon a green, imposing height,
Is Logan temple, pleasing site,
A joy-gift to each sister, brother,
As day by day they greet each other.

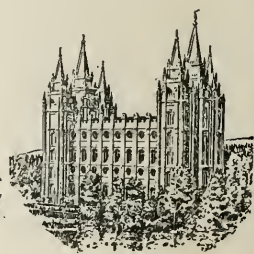
The Manti temple next we see,
A proof of sweet fidelity,
In suitable, inspired location,
For frequent saintly visitation.



Logan



Manti



Salt Lake City

The patient work of forty years,
A granite structure now appears,
And all around are flowers pretty
In temple-crowned fair Salt Lake City.

Upon a snowwhite winterland,
The Cardston temple, stately, grand,
Now thrills the North with expectation—
Shall one day ask for dedication.

Upon a balmy summer Isle
Enwreathed with sky-blue ocean's smile,
E'en now a temple sheds its glory
On fair Hawaii's territory.

And thus in Zion's watches fair,
The temple spires point high in air,
The spires of hope and love fulfilling
Life's deathless promise joy-instiling.

Remembering the millions who
Have lived and passed from mortal view;
To each of these a boon is given,
Bestowed on earth, received in heaven.

Here chosen soul-mates come to bind
In holy wedlock, mind to mind;
Exalted to a joy supernal
In God-made covenant eternal.

O temples holy! Temples fair!
Your gleaming spires lift high in air,
While faith is true and hearts are willing,
Life's deathless promises fulfilling.

Minnie Iverson Hodapp



Canada

Hawaii

The United States and France

An Eloquent Oration Delivered in the Senate Chamber of the
United States on May 1, 1917

*By M. Rene Viviani, French Vice-Premier, and Head of the Visiting
Commissioners*

Mr. President and Senators:—Since I have been granted the supreme honor of speaking before the representatives of the American people, may I ask them first to allow me to thank this magnificent Capital for the welcome it has accorded us? Accustomed as we are in our own free land to popular manifestations, and though we had been warned by your fellow countrymen who live in Paris of the enthusiasm burning in your hearts, we are still full of the emotion raised by the sights that awaited us. I shall never cease to see the proud and stalwart men who saluted our passage; your women, whose grace adds fresh beauty to your city, their arms outstretched, full of flowers; and your children hurrying to meet us as if our coming were looked upon as a lesson for them, all with one accord acclaiming in our perishable persons immortal France. And I predict there will be a yet grander manifestation on the day when your illustrious President, relieved from the burden of power, will come among us bearing the salute of the Republic of the United States to a free Europe, whose foundations from end to end shall be based on right. It is with unspeakable emotion that we crossed the threshold of this legislative palace, where prudence and boldness meet, and that I for the first time in the annals of America, though a foreigner, speak in this Hall which only a few days since resounded with the words of virile force. You have set all the democracies of the world the most magnificent example. So soon as the common peril was made manifest to you, with simplicity and within a few short days, you voted a formidable war credit and proclaimed that a formidable army was to be raised. President Wilson's commentary on his acts, which you made yours, remains in the history of free peoples the weightiest of lessons. Doubtless you were resolved to avenge the insults offered your flag, which the whole world respected; doubtless through the thickness of these massive walls the mournful cry of all the victims that criminal hands hurled into the depths of the sea has reached and stirred your souls, but it will be your honor in history that you also heard the cry of humanity and invoked against autocracy the rights of democracies. And I can only

wonder as I speak what, if they still have any power to think, are the thoughts of the autocrats who three years ago against us, three months ago against you, unchained this conflict.

Ah! doubtless they said among themselves that a democracy is an ideal government, that it showers reforms on mankind, that it can in the domain of labor quicken all economic activities. And yet now we see the French Republic fighting in defense of its territory and the liberty of nations and opposing to the avalanche let loose by Prussian militarism the union of all its children who are still capable of striking many a weighty blow. And now we see England, far removed like you from conscription, who has also, by virtue of a discipline all accept, raised from her soil millions of fighting men. And we see other nations accomplishing the same act; and that liberty not only inflames all hearts but co-ordinates and brings into being all needed efforts. And now we see all America rise and sharpen her weapons in the midst of peace for the common struggle. Together we will carry on that struggle, and when by force we have at last imposed military victory, our labors will not be concluded. Our task will be, I quote the noble words of President Wilson, to organize the society of nations. I well know that our enemies, who have never seen before them anything but horizons of carnage, will never cease to jeer at so noble a design. Such has always been the fate of great ideas at their birth; and if thinkers and men of action had allowed themselves to be discouraged by skeptics mankind would still be in its infancy, and we should still be slaves. After material victory we will win this moral victory. We will shatter the ponderous sword of militarism; we will establish guaranties for peace; and then we can disappear from the world's stage, since we shall leave at the cost of our common immolation the noblest heritage future generations can possess.

Light, Life, Love

The voice of Omnipotence called into night,
And back came the echo, "Let there be Light;"
Then the sun and the moon and the stars lent their rays,
And radiant Earth appeared in the blaze.

Again called the Voice, and the elements rife
Sent back the echo, "Let there be Life;"
Then the air and the sea and the germ-waiting earth
Teemed with the fruitage of primitive birth.

A Voice low and tender went out from above,
And sweet rolled the echo, "Let there be Love;"
Then thought and emotion joyously sped
To the altar where Justice and Mercy were wed.

George H. Brimhall.

An Appeal for Service

A Proclamation to the People of the United States Issued April 15, 1917

By President Woodrow Wilson

My Fellow Countrymen:—The entrance of our own beloved country into the grim and terrible war for democracy and human rights which has shaken the world creates so many problems of national life and action which call for immediate consideration and settlement that I hope you will permit me to address to you a few words of earnest counsel and appeal with regard to them.

We are rapidly putting our navy upon an effective war footing, and are about to create and equip a great army, but these are the simplest parts of the great task to which we have addressed ourselves. There is not a single selfish element, so far as I can see, in the cause we are fighting for. We are fighting for what we believe and wish to be the rights of mankind and for the future peace and security of the world. To do this great thing worthily and successfully we must devote ourselves to the service without regard to profit or material advantage and with an energy and intelligence that will rise to the level of the enterprise itself. We must realize to the full how great the task is and how many things, how many kinds and elements of capacity and service and self-sacrifice it involves.

These, then, are the things we must do and do well, besides fighting—the things without which mere fighting would be fruitless.

We must supply abundant food for ourselves and for our armies and our seamen, not only, but also, for a large part of the nations with whom we have now made common cause, in whose support and by whose sides we shall be fighting.

We must supply ships by the hundreds out of our shipyards to carry to the other side of the sea, submarines or no submarines, what will every day be needed there and abundant materials out of our fields and our mines and our factories with which not only to clothe and equip our own forces on land and sea, but also to clothe and support our people for whom the gallant fellows under arms can no longer work; to help to clothe and equip the armies with which we are co-operating in Europe and to keep the looms and manufactories there in raw materials: coal to keep the fires going in ships at sea and in the furnaces of hundreds of factories across the sea: steel out of which to make arms and ammunition both here and there: rails for worn out railways back of the fighting fronts: locomotives and rolling stock to take the place of those every day going to pieces: mules, horses, cattle for labor and for military service: everything with which the people of England and France and Italy and Russia have usually supplied themselves, but cannot now afford the men, the materials or the machinery to make.

It is evident to every thinking man that our industries, on the farms, in the shipyards, in the mines, in the factories, must be made more prolific and more efficient than ever, and that they must be more economically managed and better adapted to the particular requirements of our task than they have been; and what I want to say is that the men and the women who devote their thought and their energy to these things will be serving the country and conducting the fight for peace and freedom just as truly

and just as effectively as the men on the battlefield or in the trenches. The industrial forces of the country, men and women alike, will be a great national, a great international service army—a notable and honored host engaged in the service of the nation and the world, the efficient friends and saviors of free men everywhere. Thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands, of men otherwise liable to military service will of right and of necessity be excused from that service and assigned to the fundamental, sustaining work of the fields and factories, and mines, and they will be as much part of the great patriotic forces of the nation as the men under fire.

I take the liberty, therefore, of addressing this word to the farmers of the country and to all who work on the farms: The supreme need of our own nation and of the nations with which we are co-operating is an abundance of supplies, and especially of foodstuffs. The importance of an adequate food supply, especially for the present year, is superlative. Without abundant food, alike for the armies and the peoples now at war, the whole great enterprise upon which we have embarked will break down and fail. The world's food reserves are low. Not only during the present emergency, but for some time after peace shall have come, both our own people and a large proportion of the people of Europe must rely upon the harvests in America.

Upon the farmers of this country, therefore, in large measure rests the fate of the war and the fate of the nations. May the nation not count upon them to omit no step that will increase the production of their land or that will bring about the most effectual co-operation in the sale and distribution of their products? The time is short. It is of the most imperative importance that everything possible be done, and done immediately, to make sure of large harvests. I call upon young men and old alike and upon the able-bodied boys of the land to accept and act upon this duty—to turn in hosts to the farms and make certain that no pains and no labor is lacking in this great matter.

I particularly appeal to the farmers of the South to plant abundant foodstuffs, as well as cotton. They can show their patriotism in no better or more convincing way than by resisting the great temptation of the present price of cotton and helping, helping upon a great scale, to feed the nation and the peoples everywhere who are fighting for their liberties and for our own. The variety of their crops will be the visible measure of their comprehension of their national duty.

The Government of the United States and the governments of the several states stand ready to co-operate. They will do everything possible to assist farmers in securing an adequate supply of seed, an adequate force of laborers when they are most needed, at harvest time, and the means of expediting shipments of fertilizers and farm machinery, as well as of the crops themselves when harvested. The course of trade shall be as unhampered as it is possible to make it, and there shall be no unwarranted manipulation of the nation's food supply by those who handle it on its way to the consumer. This is our opportunity to demonstrate the efficiency of a great democracy, and we shall not fall short of it!

This let me say to the middlemen of every sort, whether they are handling our foodstuffs or our raw materials of manufacture or the products of our mills and factories: The eyes of the country will be especially upon you. This is your opportunity for signal service, efficient and disinterested. The country expects you, as it expects all others, to forego unusual profits, to organize and expedite shipments of supplies of every kind, but especially of food, with an eye to the service you are rendering and in the spirit of those who enlist in the ranks, for their people, not for themselves. I shall confidently expect you to deserve and win the confidence of people of every sort and station.

To the men who run the railways of the country, whether they be man-

agers or operative employees, let me say that the railways are the arteries of the nation's life and that upon them rests the immense responsibility of seeing to it that those arteries suffer no obstruction of any kind, no inefficiency or slackened power. To the merchant let me suggest the motto, "Small profits and quick service," and to the shipbuilder the thought that the life of the war depends upon him. The food and the war supplies must be carried across the seas, no matter how many ships are sent to the bottom. The places of those that go down must be supplied, and supplied at once. To the miner let me say that he stands where the farmer does: the work of the world waits on him. If he slackens or fails, armies and statesmen are helpless. He also is enlisted in the great Service Army. The manufacturer does not need to be told, I hope, that the nation looks to him to speed and perfect every process; and I want only to remind his employees that their service is absolutely indispensable and is counted on by every man who loves the country and its liberties.

Let me suggest, also, that every one who creates or cultivates a garden helps, and helps greatly, to solve the problem of the feeding of the nations; and that every housewife who practices strict economy puts herself in the ranks of those who serve the nation. This is the time for America to correct her unpardonable fault of wastefulness and extravagance. Let every man and every woman assume the duty of careful, provident use and expenditure as a public duty, as a dictate of patriotism which no one can now expect ever to be excused or forgiven for ignoring.

The supreme test of the nation has come. We must all speak, act, and serve together!

Our Mr. President

I ain't never seen ner heard ye, Mister Wilson, President,
 But I've read ye, an' I'm follerin', fer I like yer sentiment.
 An' I don't mean jes' one, but all, an' I back all ye've said,
 Fer ye write as good American as ever I have read.
 Yer language runs so deep an' clear, an' rings golden like an' true.
 It ain't a speakin' politics, it's jest a speakin' you.

It breathes kindliness fer human kind, it's strong an' brave an' free;
 It's humble, sweet an' noble, an' speaks pure *Christianity*.
 It's the language of the Bible, in its lofty statesmanship;
 It's the language of heart-service, not the service of the lip.
 An' fer statin' what the Nation feels, ye ain't excelled by none;
 Why, ye rank with noble Lincoln, or inspired Washington.

An' out here in these Western vales there's thousands lifts their eyes
 An' sends wingin' through the silence a message to the skies,
 That God will keep the pilot safe, to guide our heav'n-built bark,
 That like he's steered it in the light, so help him in the dark.
 An' when sweet morn, an' light an' peace, suffuse the earth again,
 Keep yet our pilot safe to serve, we pray Thee, Lord, Amen.

Brigham S. Young.

On the Pioneer Trail We're Marching

Written for the Y. M. M. I. A. Junior Boys.

EVAN STEPHENS.

March time. *f*

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, key of D major (two sharps). It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass line uses chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'March time' and the dynamics are 'f' (forte).

The vocal melody is in 4/4 time, key of D major. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The melody is written for a single voice part and includes a repeat sign at the end.

1. On the Pi-o-neer Trail we're marching, In the footsteps of our
2. On the Pi-o-neer Trail we're marching, In their footsteps firm and
3. On the Pi-o-neer Trail we're marching, Knowing every step is

Refrain— Stars and Stripes a - bove us, With its field of az - ure

The piano accompaniment for the first line is in 4/4 time, key of D major. It features a bass line in the left hand and a melody in the right hand. The bass line uses chords and single notes, while the melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes.

The piano accompaniment for the refrain is in 4/4 time, key of D major. It features a bass line in the left hand and a melody in the right hand. The bass line uses chords and single notes, while the melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The tempo is marked 'March time' and the dynamics are 'f' (forte).

sires. O'er the paths they marked and followed, With their
 true: We their children, still de - ter - mired, Forward
 sure To lead true and safe if followed With a
 blue, Side by side with hosts who love us, We are

poco rit. (2nd time only). Fine.

toil and bright campfires. Marked so well that all might
 ev - er to pur - sue. Forward in the cause and
 will and pur - pose pure. Knowing that their trail will
 marching firm and true.

poco rit. (2nd time only) Fine.

fol - low, O'er the steep and rugged way, Making camp on
pur- pose Of their jour-ney thro'out life; Like our sires to
lead us Safe and sure to per-fect rest, When the weary

*poco rit.**D.S.*

hill or hol - low, At the close of ev - ery day. With the
march and conquer, In the right, whate'er the strife.
march is end - ed, With life's sunset in the west.

*poco rit.**ff**D.S.*

Correction:—In the song “Beloved,” published in the April *Era*, two errors occur. In the sixth measure the last note of the second tenor should be F, and the lower bass for the same chor’ in the same measure should be B flat.

EDITORS' TABLE



Unchastity the Dominant Evil of the Age

By President Joseph F. Smith

[Written for and at request of the Newspaper Enterprise Association, San Francisco, Cal.]

The character of a community or a nation is the sum of the individual qualities of its component members. To say so is to voice at once an ordinary platitude and an axiom of profound import. The stability of a material structure depends upon the integrity of its several parts and the maintenance of a proper correlation of the units in harmony with the laws of forces. The same may be said of institutions, systems, and organizations in general.

Some of the gravest mistakes of men, in administrative affairs, in politics, in statesmanship, are the consequence of mis-directed efforts to strengthen the fabric as a whole instead of applying remedial measures to the defective parts, or correcting the discordant relationship. When citizens can be taught to live right lives, the grandeur and perpetuity of the nation will be assured.

The voice of the pessimistic agitator is heard in the land today. He is loud in denunciation of existing systems and vigorous in demand for new laws and governmental reforms. Progressive legislation is undoubtedly necessary, and abuse of power, neglect of duty, or other evils in national or local administration, should be promptly corrected; but the crying need of mankind is individual reformation. The thorough purification and effective regulation of society as a system through repressive legislation is a stupendous and well-nigh hopeless undertaking. The natural and rational plan of improvement must deal largely with the education of the society unit, the individual citizen. Regulatory and prohibitory laws cannot consistently be regarded as other than necessities in the present state of human affairs, but let us hope that these enactments shall become as dead letters in the advancement of the community through individual improvement.

What has come to be known in present day literature as the social evil is a subject of perennial discussion, and the means proposed for dealing with it are topics of contention and debate.

That the public conscience is aroused to the seriousness of the dire condition due to sexual immorality is a promising indication of prospective betterment. No more loathsome cancer disfigures the body and soul of society today than the frightful affliction of sexual sin. It vitiates the very fountains of life, and bequeaths its foul effects to the yet unborn as a legacy of death. It lurks in hamlet and city, in the mansion and in the hovel as a ravening beast in wait for prey; and it skulks through the land in blasphemous defiance of the laws of God and man.

The lawful association of the sexes is ordained of God, not only as the sole means of race perpetuation, but for the development of the higher faculties and nobler traits of human nature, which the love-inspired companionship of man and woman alone can insure. The word of Scripture is explicit as to the Divine intent and command with respect to the sexes. It is not good for man to be alone; and therefore hath it been ordained that "a man leave his father and his mother and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh" (Genesis 2:18, 24). Of the first parents of the race we read: "And God blessed them; and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth" (Genesis 1:28).

The precept that marriage is honorable is as true today as when uttered by the Apostle of old (see Hebrews 13:4); and who shall deny that the married state is essential to the attainment of even relative perfection in fulfilling the measure and purpose of man's mortal existence? "Neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man, in the Lord" (1 Corinthians 11:11).

Not alone is it fundamentally proper and in strict accord with both the spirit and the letter of the Divine Word, but absolutely essential to the stability of the social order that the marriage relation shall be defined and regulated by secular law. Parties to the marriage contract must be definitely invested with the responsibilities of the status they assume; and for fidelity to their obligations they are answerable to each other, to society, and to their God.

Sexual union is lawful in wedlock, and, if participated in with right intent is honorable and sanctifying. *But without the bonds of marriage, sexual indulgence is a debasing sin, abominable in the sight of Deity.*

Infidelity to marriage vows is a fruitful source of divorce, with its long train of attendant evils, not the least of which are the shame and dishonor inflicted on unfortunate though innocent children. The dreadful effects of adultery cannot be confined to the erring participants. Whether openly known or partly concealed under the cloak of guilty secrecy, the results are potent in evil influence. The immortal spirits that come to

earth to tabernacle in bodies of flesh have the right to be well born, through parents who are free from the contamination of sexual vice.

It is a deplorable fact that society persists in holding woman to stricter account than man in the matter of sexual offense. What shadow of excuse, not to speak of justification, can be found for this outrageous and cowardly discrimination? Can moral defilement be any the less filthy and pestilential in man than in woman? Is a male leper less to be shunned for fear of contagion than a woman similarly stricken?

O the baseness, the injustice, the dishonor of it all! Happily the early promulgators of this shameful conception of a double standard of morals for the sexes are hidden in the oblivion of the past. Let the infamy in which they should rightly share be borne by those who countenance the current acceptance of so vicious a distinction. Visualize the spectacle. Man, who is by nature the protector and defender of woman, ready to stone to social death the adulteress, in whose sin he was partner.

True, there is nothing distinctively modern in this revolting distortion of propriety and justice. It will be remembered that certain self-righteous Scribes and Pharisees came clamoring to the Christ in the Temple courts, dragging with them a woman, of whom they said, "Master, this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act;" and they asked what punishment should be meted out to her. What of the man in the case? He may have been present, but whether so or not we have no record that judgment upon him was either asked or implied. However, injustice is of no less hideous mien because, as we sometimes say in stultifying inconsistency, it is time-honored.

So far as woman sins it is inevitable that she shall suffer, for retribution is sure, whether it be immediate or deferred. But in so far as man's injustice inflicts upon her the consequence of his offenses, he stands convicted of multiple guilt. And man is largely responsible for the sins against decency and virtue, the burden of which is too often fastened upon the weaker participant in the crime. The frightful prevalence of prostitution, and the tolerance and even condonation with which the foul traffic is treated by so-called civilized society, are black blots on the pages of current history.

It would be manifestly unjust to sweepingly condemn every fallen woman as of equal culpability with the rest of her degraded class. The published results of investigation by official inquirers and volunteers in this miry field of research indicate that many a woman who offers her body for hire entered into this dreadful commerce when she found herself despoiled and betrayed through undue confidence in man; and while her despairing and desperate condition must be considered as an ele-

ment of cause if not of mitigation, she is nevertheless a criminal under the secular law and a grievous offender against the mandate of the Almighty. In the day of righteous judgment, before the bar of the Great Judge who shall read the mind and interpret the heart, every circumstance will be taken into just account, in her case as in that of him or them who have contributed to her degradation. Others there are, as the reports attest, who aver that they live their lives of shame by choice, preferring the comparative ease and the unnatural excitement of their abandoned mode of existence to the exactions of honest industry.

Horrifying as the condition is, it is nevertheless a black reality, that hordes of women prostitute their bodies and souls for money, *and find no lack of eager buyers*. Who is the more depraved—the vendor or the purchaser of woman's honor? In many cases a power of discernment and analysis superior to human attainment is essential to a just verdict, but it appears certain that whatever of palliation through stress of circumstance may be found for the woman, guilty lust is too generally the primal motive of the man. If the passions of men were kept in natural and wholesome restraint, female virtue would cease to be a purchasable commodity in the unholy marts of society.

The low esteem in which strict sexual morality is currently held is an element of positive danger to the nation as a human institution, to say nothing of the wholesale debauching of souls as an offense against Divine decree. With such awful examples as history furnishes, it is a matter of astonishment that governments should be so nearly oblivious to the disintegrating forces springing from violations of the moral law amongst their citizenry. For, as already stated, while the education of the individual is the basal condition of community improvement, regulatory laws will be necessary as long as crime flourishes.

The grandeur of ancient Greece, the majesty of Rome, once the proud rulers of the world, have disappeared; and the verdict of history specifies the prevalence of sexual immorality as among the chief of the destructive agencies by which the fall of those mighty peoples was effected. The literature of the religious body I represent records an instance of even more striking import, for it comprises the physical destruction and complete extinction of a once powerful nation, and the utter debasement of another. According to Book of Mormon history the American continent was once inhabited by two peoples known respectively as Nephites and Lamanites. The former were progressive throughout a great part of their career; they built cities and cultivated the arts of civilization; and as long as they lived in righteousness they prospered. The Lamanites were of no-

madic habits, and, except for brief intervals of comparative peace, were in a state of aggressive enmity against their Nephite contemporaries. The most blessed period of ancient American history was that of the first two centuries of the Christian era, during which the people lived in purity and virtue. Of that time we read: "And it came to pass that there was no contention in the land, because of the love of God which did dwell in the hearts of the people. And there were no envyings, nor strifes, nor tumults, nor whoredoms, nor lyings, nor murders, nor any manner of lasciviousness; and surely there could not be a happier people among all the people who had been created by the hand of God" (4 Nephi 15, 16).

But this virtuous and happy state was followed by an era of abominable excesses; and prominent among the sins that led to the death of the nation was that of sexual impurity and general lasciviousness. As the prophets had predicted, the Nephites degenerated, and by Divine sufferance their enemies destroyed them as a nation. And the Lamanites, though victors in the struggle, have fallen to the present degraded status of the American Indian. Archaeologists tell us that the human bones taken from Indian mounds of this country bear unmistakable testimony to the prevalence of syphilitic and allied diseases among the ancient Americans.

Is our modern nation to bring upon itself the doom of destructive depravity? The forces of disintegration are at work throughout the land, and they operate as insidiously as does the virus of deadly contagion. A nation-wide awakening to the need of personal sanitation and of rigorous reform in the matter of sexual morality is demanded by the exigencies of the times. As in combating physical maladies, so in the treatment of moral contagion, the individual should be rendered immune, so far as possible, by instruction in hygienic living, and by inoculation with the spirit of righteousness; and, coincidentally, every possible effort is required to check the spread of the plague by community sanitation. The current and common custom of indecency in dress, the flood of immoral fiction in printed literature, in the drama, and notably in moving picture exhibitions, the toleration of immodesty in every-day conversation and demeanor, are doing deadly work in the fostering of soul-destroying vice.

Like many bodily diseases, sexual crime drags with itself a train of other ills. As the physical effects of drunkenness entail the deterioration of tissue, and disturbance of vital functions, and so render the body receptive to any distemper to which it may be exposed, and at the same time lower the powers of resistance even to fatal deficiency, so does unchastity expose the soul to divers spiritual maladies, and rob it of both resistance and recuperative ability. The adulterous generation of Christ's

day were deaf to the voice of truth, and through their diseased state of mind and heart, sought after signs and preferred empty fable to the message of salvation.

The gospel of Jesus Christ is the Divinely ordained panacea for the ills that afflict humanity, and preeminently so for the dread affliction of sexual sin. Note the teachings of the Master while He ministered among men in the flesh—they were primarily directed to individual probity and rectitude of life. The letter of the Mosaic law was superseded by the spirit of personal devotion to the right. "Ye have heard," said He, "that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery: But I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart" (Matt. 5:27, 28). The sin itself may spring from the sensual thought, the lustful glance; just as murder is often the fruitage of hatred or covetousness.

We accept without reservation or qualification the affirmation of Deity through an ancient Nephite prophet: *"For I, the Lord God, delight in the chastity of women. And whoredoms are an abomination before me; thus saith the Lord of Hosts."*

We hold that sexual sin is second only to the shedding of innocent blood in the category of personal crimes; and that the adulterer shall have no part in the exaltation of the blessed.

We proclaim as the word of the Lord:

"Thou shalt not commit adultery."

"He that looketh on a woman to lust after her, or if any shall commit adultery in their hearts, they shall not have the Spirit, but shall deny the faith."

Messages from the Missions

The Work in Phoenix

Arthur W. Grix, writing from Phoenix, Arizona, encloses a portrait of the elders and lady missionaries laboring in Phoenix, Ray and Hayden, Arizona; left to right, back row: Thursa Ellsworth, James E. Hamilton, Nellie Ellsworth; front row: Leeman A. Jorgensen, Byron L. Western, Arthur W. Grix and William A. Taylor. Elders Western and Jorgensen, laboring in Ray and Hayden, have accomplished some splendid work, and have disposed of many books in the past three months. They have thus secured a goodly number of investigators; and Elder Grix and the others have labored in and around Phoenix and have distributed many tracts and books and made many friends for the cause of truth. Now that the warm weather is here, we are able to hold some very successful street meetings. The people treat us better than in any other part of this mission field. They



live among our members and know how they conduct their lives. The two lady missionaries are from Chandler, Arizona, and have worked in different fields. They received permission from President Robinson, and are working with us for a few weeks, spreading the word of the Lord."

Great Success with Street Meetings

G. J. Thurman, writing from Palmerston, New Zealand, February 23: "The photo herewith is of the elders laboring in the Manhattan conference, New Zealand, left to right: G. J. Thurman, Provo, conference president European work; J. R. Russon, conference president Maori work, Lehi; J. M. Roundy, Provo; L. O. Thomas, Salt Lake City; Leonard Winegar, Woods Cross. The conference named extends over three hundred



miles of territory covered by the Maori elders on bikes and on horseback. There are two hundred Saints or more who are all steadfast to the faith. They work in conjunction with the elders for the spread of the truth. The

work among the European population is also very encouraging, although there is a great religious indifference shown by the people. We are having great success with street meetings which are held regularly, but there is marked opposition by other Christian churches. The *Era* comes to us as a great friend and is enjoyed by elders, Saints and investigators."

Tall and Successful



These elders, laboring in the North West Virginia conference, are all over six feet in height. It is reported of them that they are energetic and successful in their work, both in tracting and in making friends for the cause they represent. Their names, from left to right, are: L. C. Lamoreaux, Twin Falls, Ida.; Glen W. Steed, Clearfield; George C. Bitter, Collinston, and John L. Siddoway, Vernal, Utah.

Statistics of the British Mission

In the *Millennial Star* for March 1, appears the statistical report of the British Mission for the year ending December 25, 1916. There are thirteen conferences included; in these conferences there are sixty elders and one lady missionary; there are 5,887 members, all told, not including 1,336 children under eight years of age, making a total number of souls in the British mission of 7,223. There have been 297 baptisms during the year.

A Lamanite Sister Becomes Active in Spreading the Gospel

Elder E. Leslie Young, writing from Portland, Ore., Northwestern States Mission, says: "On Tuesday, March 28, while tracting from door to door in the little city of Wanatchie, Washington, I called at the home of a Lamanite woman who invited me to come in. I told her of the message which I had to deliver, and a long conversation followed. I spoke of the Book of Mormon as a history of her people, bearing a convincing testimony to its truthfulness. After a two hours' discussion of the principles of the gospel, I promised her that if she would ask the Lord with a prayerful heart, she might know for herself whether the book was true or not. I pointed out the promise in Moroni 10:4, 5, in which the Lord makes certain promises to those who read the Book of Mormon. That night before retiring she prayed earnestly to God to make it known to her if the Book were really true. In reply she had a vision in which she was shown that the Book and gospel as taught by me were true. She also saw a vision of herself being baptized with a number of people standing about. On April 12, I baptized her, and since that time she has borne testimony to her friends, and has become very active in spreading the gospel, especially among her own people. Several have investigated on her account, and one is ready for baptism. Since her baptism, her health is very much improved, and this has strengthened her testimony. As a result of her labors and

the labors of the missionaries here, the gospel is rapidly gaining favor among our Lamanite brethren and sisters. Elder Heber W. Green and I, who labor in this part of the country, hope to be able to baptize many into the fold of Christ in the near future.

New "Mormon" Chapel in Samoa

Elders of the Upolu and Savaii conferences of the Samoan mission held April 6, 7 and 8, 1917. Left to right, front row: C. W. Smedley, Sister C. W. Sedley, Sister A. Twitchell, A. Twitchell; second row: H. A. Dean, H. A. Jensen, incoming Savaii Conference President W. M. Mason, retiring Savaii Conference President E. Wright, Mission President W. O. Lee, Upolu Conference President R. G. Wood, W. T. Mackey, V. G. Woolley; back row: H. O. Anderson, A. D. Madsen, L. Twitchell, C. Nuttall, G. H. Hale, J. P. Murdock, C. J. Sharp, H. W. Anderson, C. F. Farren. This was the first time the elders of both conferences had been together for over a year. It was President Wright's desire to have all the missionaries of the Samoan



Top: New L. D. S. Chapel at Sauniatu, Samoa. Bottom: Elders of the Upolu and Savaii Conferences, Samoan Mission

Mission assemble for the dedication of our beautiful new chapel at Sauniatu, which took place on Friday, April 6, but owing to an epidemic of measles on the island of Upolu, the Tutuila elders were unable to come over. We

had a splendid time at this, the largest conference ever held in Samoa. Over five hundred Saints and friends were in regular attendance at our meetings. Twenty-four were baptized at the baptismal service held on Sunday, April 8. The mission is in a thriving condition, and everybody is talking about the "Mormons." Tracts are being scattered broadcast throughout towns and villages, and the prospects are bright for making 1917 the biggest and most prosperous year ever seen in the Church since the gospel was brought to the islands. We are also sending you a picture of the new meetinghouse. The *Era* is received and read with much pleasure in this part of the world; thanks for the same.—*Ernest Wright*, Mission President; *Ray G. Wood*, Mission Secretary.

The "*Era*" "at the Front"

Elder Oliver G. Ellis, clerk of the Hull conference, England, writes under date of March 20: "We always look forward to receiving the *Era*, and enjoy reading it very much. Several of our boys have had the *Era* sent to them 'at the front.' They enjoy it, and share it with the other soldiers. In this way much good is being accomplished. It is indeed a



time of gleaning now, and the few elders remaining in the British mission are kept very busy visiting the different branches, and in keeping the Saints active. We were very sorry to lose one of our elders here in Hull conference, Elder Wilford O. Freckleton, who died here on February 27. The elders in the picture are (left to right) President Wm. D. Lewis, Provo; Wm. A. Linford, Ogden; Wilford O. Freckleton (deceased), Eureka, and Oliver G. Ellis, Ogden.

The Work in Japan

C. Ralph Amott, writing from Osaka, Japan, March 31, says: "The preaching of the gospel is progressing favorably in Japan. Each month the glad tidings are being carried to a greater number of people. The *Era*, besides being a great comfort to us missionaries, affords a basis for many good talks with the people, because of the splendid articles it contains. Those of our Saints and friends, who understand English sufficiently to read, enjoy the articles greatly, and thus its field of doing good is ever widening; may its influence for good ever grow greater."

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS' TABLE

Teaching for April

According to the bulletin issued by the presiding bishop's office for the months of April, 1917, Bear Lake, Bighorn, Box Elder, Millard, North Sanpete, Oneida, and Weber had 100 per cent of the families visited by the teachers in those stakes. Other stakes range as low as from 12, in Parowan, to as high as 99.8 in Ogden. The Ogden stake had 36 per cent of the priesthood attending the weekly priesthood meetings; the next highest being Granite, with 30 per cent. The others ranged from as low as 4 per cent in Idaho, to 29 in Alberta.

Reform in Dancing and Dress

The Presiding Bishopric of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints have recently sent the following communication to the ward bishops of the Church:

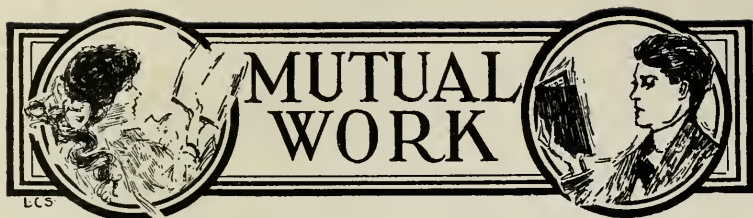
Dear Brethren: Several months ago the General Boards of all the auxiliary organizations were requested by the First Presidency to give consideration to the matter of improvement in the dancing and dress of our young people. A committee representing all of the General Boards, after spending a long period of time in study and investigation of the subject, has rendered its report. This report has been approved by the First Presidency and all of the General Boards, and has been prepared for distribution in the form of a small pocket pamphlet convenient for use and preservation.

We are sending you under separate cover a number of copies of the pamphlet and the communication, estimated to be sufficient so that you may cause to be delivered to every officer and teacher, both male and female, of all priesthood quorums and all auxiliary organizations within your ward a copy of the pamphlet and to all women officers and teachers a copy of the communication on dress. If the number of copies sent to you should prove to be insufficient, you may obtain additional copies by writing to this office.

We heartily approve and endorse the suggestions contained within the report so sent to you and we urge that you adopt the recommendations therein contained and give to the movement thus begun the whole-hearted support of all the forces at your command.

Similar communications were sent from the First Presidency to the presidents of stakes, with instructions to distribute the pamphlets and circulars to the stake authorities, high councilors, presidencies of elders and seventies quorums, etc. The General Boards of all the auxiliary organizations have also sent instructions accompanied by the pamphlets and circular to their stake officers. The pocket pamphlet and the communication on dress were printed in the *Improvement Era*, *Young Woman's Journal*, *Juvenile Instructor*, *Relief Society Magazine*, and *Children's Friend* for April.

It is believed that a united effort on the part of all concerned will convince our young people of the propriety of the recommendations, and that their adoption will thus be made universal throughout the Church.



ANNUAL M. I. A. AND PRIMARY CONFERENCE

The twenty-second general annual conference of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations, and the fifteenth annual conference of the Primary Associations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, will be held in Salt Lake City, on Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 7, 8, 9 and 10, 1917.

All members are invited and all officers are particularly requested to be present at all of the meetings of the conference, and a cordial invitation is extended to the Saints generally to attend the meetings to be held in the Tabernacle at 2 and 7 p. m. on Sunday, June 10.

*Joseph F. Smith,
Heber J. Grant,
B. H. Roberts,*

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.

Martha H. Tingey, Ruth M. Fox, Mae T. Nystrom, Presidency Y. L. M. I. A.
Louie B. Felt, May Anderson, Clara W. Beebe, Presidency Primary Assn.

PROGRAM OF MEETINGS

Thursday—8 p. m., Scout meeting and Beehive Girl Demonstration, Deseret Gymnasium.

Friday—10 a. m., Joint M. I. A. officers' meeting; 2 p. m., separate meetings Boy Scout and Beehive Girls; 4 p. m., Preliminary try-out, public speaking contest, both Assembly Hall; 8 p. m., Reception and social for visiting stake officers.

Saturday—10 a. m., Separate Y. M. M. I. A. officers' meeting, Assembly Hall, Bishop's Building; and Y. L. M. I. A., Assembly Hall; 12 noon, Noon luncheon for stake superintendents; 2:30 p. m., Joint M. I. A. officers' meeting, Assembly Hall; 8 p. m., Grand finals, public speaking, with cantata and playlet, and distribution of medals and presentation of winning stake in special activities.

Sunday—8:30 a. m., Testimony meeting for officers and workers, in Assembly Hall; 10 a. m., Separate Y. M. M. I. A. officers meeting, Assembly Hall, Bishop's Building, and Y. L. M. I. A., in Assembly Hall; 2 p. m., General joint public meeting, M. I. A. and Primary, Salt Lake Tabernacle; also at same place, 7:30 p. m.

We stand for thrift and economy, for home and country; for modesty in dress and dancing; and for spirituality in teaching.

M. I. A. Scouts and the Services they May Render in this Present Crisis

The following resolution was passed by the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A., April 11, 1917:

"Inasmuch as our country is in a state of war, we, the General Board of

the Y. M. M. I. A. recommend that the civic services of the M. I. A. scouts be offered to the authorities of our cities and villages."

Suggestive letters have been sent to the M. I. A. stake superintendents, to be forwarded to the M. I. A. ward authorities explaining what services the scouts may render.

The following offer has been made to mayors of cities and village authorities:

"In this hour of our country's need, we, the M. I. A. Boy Scouts of America and Scout officials, pledge to you, and through you to the citizens of our city, our loyalty and hearty support in emergencies which may arise.

"Because of our training we are prepared to do many things of practical value. We are not soldiers, but are ready to render civic service such as first aid to the injured, and to do signalling and serve as messengers, besides many other duties that may be useful to our country.

"We offer our good will and loyalty and express our desire to do our duty."

It should be noticed by parents and Scout officials that the duties of Boy Scouts will in no way be changed. They will simply continue to do the work prescribed for Scouts, and their daily good turns. The only effect of war will be that they may be able to do some scouting work, suited to their years, for the city or village, and some local good turns for the Red Cross. An offer to do such work will be made all over the United States by 250,000 Scouts and Scout officials, probably taking the form of local rallies in the presence of the civic authorities so that the boys may feel that they are doing something for their country.

In the warring countries the Boy Scouts mobilized for civilian service at the outbreak of the war, and since then it is reported that they have carried out relief measures, helped the families of men who were sick or wounded, established first aid stations, soup kitchens, etc., performing all sorts of work when workers were away, harvested crops, transported bed and hospital furniture, kept waiting crowds in order, collected material for wounded soldiers, made straw mattresses for rough field hospitals, opened letters, done office work, distributed food, acted as temporary nurses, messengers, pages, and guides, handed out notices, and have done many other things useful to their country.

It is hardly necessary to repeat the assurance you received when boys became Scouts that this is a non-military organization, and that it will remain so.

"Be prepared." "Do a good turn daily."

Wanted

The *Improvement Era* for January, 1913, volume 16, number three is wanted. Send the copy to the office; we will return 25c to you; address 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The *Era* Story Contest

The *Era* story contest for April resulted in the choice of "His Word of Honor," by Elsie C. Carroll, for the first place; and "The Lady of His Dreams," by Amy W. Evans, Salt Lake City, for the second place. Twenty-two stories were submitted. The decision for May, which closes the contest for the present, will be given in the July *Era*.

PASSING EVENTS

Benjamin Hampton, pioneer business man, miner and smelter man, born Feb. 11, 1837, in Philadelphia, died in Salt Lake City, April 5, 1917.

The rice crops of India and Japan are exceptionally large this year. Rice is one of the few articles of food that has not been soaring in price lately.

Henry H. Blood, Kaysville, a prominent business man and resident of Davis County, and well known throughout the state and inter-mountain section of country, was appointed third member of the public utilities commission, for the state of Utah, March 20.

Cuba has fifty submarine chasers building, and twenty war vessels which are patrolling the coast of the island to make sure that the Germans do not establish a "U" boat station there. The president is earnest in his desire that at least a part of the army which now numbers about 35,000 men, shall carry the Cuban flag into the battles of Europe.

Spain's new Premier is Marquis Prieto. Count Romanones, former premier, retired because he believed that continued neutrality weakened the prestige of the Spanish nation, and prevented it from properly defending its legitimate interests at sea. The new ministry promptly despatched to Germany a message protesting against its submarine policy.

China severed her diplomatic relations with Germany on March 16, the cause being the unsatisfactory reply of Germany to the government of China in regard to the submarine warfare. The proposal was passed by a vote of 433 to 81 in the House and 152 to 37 in the Senate. Following the break the Chinese government took possession of six German ships at Shanghai. Recently a conference for international affairs called by the government recommended that China declare war on Germany, and it was thought that Parliament would probably do so.

Robert Davis.—A few days after the United States declared a state of war with Germany, dispatches from the front told of the raising of Old Glory on the crest of Vimy ridge, by a Texas soldier fighting with the Canadian forces. The soldier, Robert Davis of Temple, Texas, later had his foot shot away and is now convalescing in a London hospital. Young Davis comes of a family of soldiers. His father fought with the French against the Germans in 1870-71, and took part in the fighting around the same ridge on which the son carried the Stars and Stripes in a victorious charge. Three years ago Davis was mustered out of the United States marine corps, in which unit he served two enlistments.

Fighting with the Allies are said to be 50,000 young Americans. Besides this contribution of the United States to the forces in the field, of the Allies, there is also the American mule who has endeared himself to the transport officers because of his military qualities. *The Youth's Companion*, calling attention to this, says that he goes to sleep behind a roaring nine-inch gun. If he chances to fall into a shell hole he lies there nonchalant, and self-contained, until someone pulls him out. But we suspect that more than appears in the words themselves can be read in the remark of the British officer: "He has some ways with him that we didn't quite understand at first."

Congress authorized an issue of bonds, early in April, to meet expenditures for the national security and defense—amounting to \$5,000,000,000—

out of which amount \$3,000,000,000 may be used in extending credits to foreign governments, and the remainder for national use. Congress also authorized the issue of \$2,000,000,000 of certificates of indebtedness, payable one year from date of issue. This makes a total war appropriation to begin with of \$7,000,000,000—the largest ever voted at one time by any other government in the history of the world.

The Irish question has come to the front again. In a speech at the Guild Hall, London, Mr. Lloyd-George declared that Britain could not fight a victorious war unless Ireland were won by the just and generous settlement of the home rule issue into cheerful, loyal co-operation. Both the Canadian Parliament and members of the Congress of the United States have sent a message to Mr. Lloyd-George, pointing out the added enthusiasm that America could bring to the conflict if it could feel that Britain and Ireland had come to an amicable and honorable settlement of their long differences.

General Petain, who commanded the French army defending Verdun during the critical stages of the battle in February and March of last year, was appointed chief of staff of the Ministry of War, by the French cabinet on April 29. General Petain has the reputation of being above all a fighter and man prepared, and he may well be called so; he was colonel in 1914, general in 1915, commander of the French forces at Verdun 1916, and now chief of staff of the French Ministry of War, in 1917. On May 15 at a Cabinet meeting General Petain was appointed commander in chief of the French army, operating on the French front.

The selective draft or conscription bill, which provides for raising a new army by means of a selective draft passed the House of Representatives by a vote of 397 to 24. The amendment that provided for a preliminary trial of the volunteer system was voted down by 279 to 98. The Senate also passed the conscription bill by a vote of 81 to 8, and by the middle of May arrangements were provided for making a complete census on June 5 of all the men in the country between the ages of 21 and 30, the age limit finally fixed upon. The President has named June 5 as registration day, "to be remembered as one of the most conspicuous moments in our history." On that day all males in the United States between the ages of 21 and 30 inclusive will be registered and present themselves for assignments for their tasks—ten millions strong. A division of the regular army, under General Pershing, will speedily be sent to France, to be followed soon as possible by a larger army, including the national guards. A squadron of American destroyers arrived on May 4, in Queenstown, and went directly into active service. More destroyers and "submarine chasers" will follow.

British and French representatives, Cabinet officers, and others who paid tribute to the memory of Washington grouped in front of the historic mansion. Front row, left to right: Vice-Admiral Chocheprat of the French Navy; Mrs. Eugene Van Rensselaer, vice regent for West Virginia of the Mt. Vernon Association; Secretary Daniels; Miss Harriet Clayton Comegys, regent of the Mt. Vernon Association; Field Marshal Joffre; M. Viviani, French Minister of Justice and head of the French Commissioners; Secretary Lansing; Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, head of the British Commissioners; George Foster, premier of Canada; Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, British Ambassador, and Major Gen. G. T. M. Bridges of the British Commission. Standing back of Secretary Daniels is Sergeant Dreyfus of the French Army; at his left Col. Fabri and next to him Colonel Ramond. Next to him behind M. Viviani, is M. Hovelacque, inspector general of public instruction in France; next to him is the Marquis de Chambrun, a descendant of LaFayette. Next is Major Requin and Secretary Franklin K. Lane. (See illustration on next page and item on page 755.)



Picture from Underwood and Underwood.
ALLIES PAY HOMAGE TO WASHINGTON AT MT. VERNON TOMB
(For the names of the distinguished visitors see last paragraph on opposite page.)

Clinton Larson is now the Olympic champion high jumper, having made $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch better than Alma Richards, the former Olympic champion. Mr. Larson is of the Brigham Young University, Utah, and at the recent annual Penn relay carnival held at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, made 6 feet 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches, which is just $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch better than the record which was heretofore held by another Utah boy, Alma Richards, of Provo.

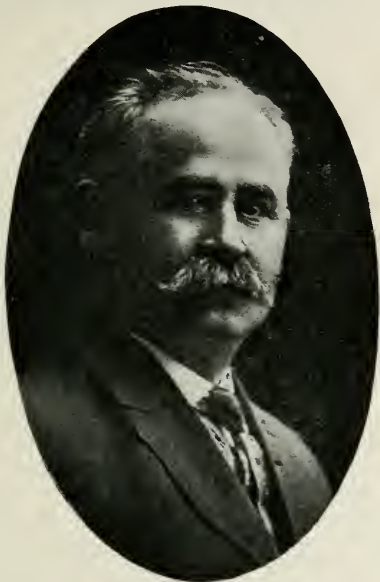
A. Larcker, of Arden, Nevada, who is laboring in the Potosi mine writes to the *Era*: "This place is located about thirty miles west of Las Vegas, twelve miles from the boundary line of California, on the old 'Mormon' trail. Evidences of the 'Mormon' camp are still to be seen here. A lead mine was discovered here and worked for years. It is still often called the old 'Mormon' mine, but is now known generally as the Potosi mine. Six automobile trucks daily freight ore from it to Arden, about eighteen miles away, on the Salt Lake and Los Angeles railway. It is said that the 'Mormons' started this mine between 1857 and 1860, so that it is practically sixty years old. One of the boys here found an old, home-made hammer weighing eight pounds. There was not much wood on it, and both faces were battered up. In the old camp I found in the ground a piece of zinc ore mixed with lead, and also a small bottle half full of olive oil. I have these three specimens and will bring them when I come to Salt Lake City. About a year ago, a number of residents of Heber, Wasatch county, entered some claims about a mile east of the Potosi mine. These claims give promise of making a prosperous district when the development work is done."

A National Road.—There is a section of the Federal aid road law of 1916 which authorizes the Department of Agriculture to take charge of roadbuilding in the National Forests, and under this authority the preliminary work has begun on a road in the Apache National Forest, in Greenlee county, Arizona. As this is the first road of this nature to be undertaken it has general interest, particularly as respects the reasons for spending Federal funds on a highway so remote from settled districts. These reasons have been outlined as follows by the United States Forest Service: "The construction of the road will make possible a north-and-south trunk line through a region now inaccessible and will connect with existing east-and-west state highways. It will make possible the sale of large bodies of timber for the use of copper mines in southern Arizona, and will afford means of travel for settlers, besides cheapening the cost of protecting and administering the National Forest. The development of water power in the region will be assisted and a beautiful recreation area will be opened up for tourist travel and for the residents of the desert cities during the summer months." The surveys which have been authorized will cover about 71 miles of road, which it will cost about \$342,500 to build, and 29 miles of road costing \$77,500 more must be built to complete the highway. Half of the money will be furnished by the counties traversed by the route and half by the Federal government, but the road will be built under the direction of the U. S. Office of Public Roads, instead of by the State authorities in the usual manner on Federal aid road work.

War Notes.—Brazil has ceased diplomatic relations with Germany, but still remains neutral, though it seized all the German merchant vessels in Brazilian harbors.—Word came from Mexico that President Carranza was convinced of the necessity of supporting the other American republics in their protests against German methods of warfare, and it is stated that measures have been taken to quiet the German propaganda that has made considerable headway in Mexico. It was even stated that it might be possible the Carranza would break with Germany.—Arrangements were made for this country to loan \$200,000,000 to Italy and France out of the money to

be raised by the great bond issue. Further advances will be made to the allied nations as necessity demands. The French and British commissioners made it plain that they desire to have an American army force in France at the earliest possible moment. They believe not only that the moral effect of such a force would be good, but that its power would be even greater than the material assistance it could give. The Italian Commission which visited the United States, did not ask for men, but they were anxious that the shipping should be made free upon the ocean.—Congress authorized the President to take over any ships owned in whole or in part by Germans and lying in the American harbors. It is said that German ships valued at \$51,000,000 were so taken.—During the week from April 26 to May 2 the Russian Duma government removed a number of officers for incompetence or disloyalty. Twenty-three generals were among them. Disorders in Petrograd were reported as a result of the activity of the socialist leader Lenine who is agitating for a separate peace with Germany. The government permits him complete freedom of speech, although he is believed to be in the pay of the German government.

Citizens who have business in Holland, may find assistance from Evart Neuteboom, 815 Eccles Building, Ogden, Utah, last year appointed vice-consul for the Netherlands by Queen Wilhelmina. He received his commission from the Hague, Holland, on March 23, 1916. The new vice-consul has been a resident of Ogden since Memorial day, twenty-six years ago, coming to Utah from his native land. He is thoroughly familiar with the affairs of the people of Holland, and favorably known among many of the residents of that nation in this section of country, and is therefore qualified for the position to which he has been appointed. A number of inquiries have come to hand on various government affairs in that country, and we mention this appointment so that people may apply to Mr. Neuteboom relating to business affairs in connection with the government of Holland. Mr. Neuteboom is an active Church worker, is the clerk of the Weber stake of Zion, and besides is interested in various business organizations.



The British and French war Commission, the former headed by Foreign Secretary Balfour, and the latter by Rene Viviani and Marshal Joffre, arrived in Washington on April 22 and April 25 respectively. At Washington General Joffre was the center of attraction and was greeted with cheers and applause everywhere. It is stated in the telegrams that he received the greatest ovation that the capital has ever seen accorded to a foreign guest. In a public speech the British high commissioner, Arthur J. Balfour congratulated the United States on entering the war, and so "turning the first page in a new chapter in the history of mankind." The commissions succeeded in making great loans in the United States to carry on the war. During their stay they visited many prominent places in this country, including Mt. Vernon (see picture, page 753), Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City and other western and middle western cities. While these distin-

guished leaders were in Mt. Vernon, they paid homage to Washington. Grouped in front of the historic mansion British and French representatives, cabinet officers and others gave fitting tribute to the Father of the greatest Republic. Arthur James Balfour, foreign minister of Great Britain and Rene Viviani, French minister of justice and member of the French commission, spoke with deep emotion before the tomb of the first President of the United States, of the common fight for freedom in which all three countries were now taking part. Marshal Joffre laid on the marble sarcophagus a plain bronze palm, wound with the French tri-color. The occasion was most solemn, and gave ample opportunity for the French and the British members of the commission to voice the deep feeling held in each of their countries for America's hero. During the proceedings, the flags of the United States, Great Britain, and France floated proudly side by side over the tomb. Later they visited New York City and were everywhere welcomed with great enthusiasm. A commission from Italy also visited this country in May.

Russian Revolution.—The most startling event since the great war began was the revolution in Russia, by which during the few days from March 10 to 15 the czar was dethroned, autocracy and bureaucracy overthrown, and a government by a committee of able and progressive men of the Duma was established. The czar on his own behalf and on the behalf of his son the czarevitch abdicated on the 15th. The Grand Duke Michael, the czar's brother, later also surrendered his claim to the throne, with the understanding that if the people in time should desire it, he would be willing to act as constitutional monarch. The people of the country including the soldiery generally acquiesced in the action of the revolution. The new government declared a general amnesty for all political and religious prisoners, liberty of speech and the press, promised home rule for Finland, called a constitutional assemblage to be elected by popular vote to decide upon the future form of government, substituted the police by the national militia, communal elections and universal suffrage, and declared that it would devote itself to a determined and efficient conduct of the war against the Central Powers. The accusations of the Russian people against the old regime for its conduct of the war were, inefficiency, corruption, and treachery. It had been evident from the failures of the Russians in the great war that an enemy's hand was secretly directing the affairs of the nation. The allied governments and the United States, directed their representatives to deal with the new government of Russia, and later recognized it as the head of the nation. What may result is mere conjecture. Conflicting elements are at work. General Guchoff, minister of war, has resigned, and about the middle of May there was grave danger of civil war or anarchy between factions standing for the Provisional government, and socialists and others which includes the Russian Council of Workmen and Soldiers who favor a separate peace. Whether or not the new government will be able to unite the people and to continue the new form of government remains to be seen. There are many German and socialist intrigues working against such an arrangement. To offset these the United States is to send a commission to Russia to consult with the new republican government. Mr. Elihu Root is to go as chairman, and other members of the American Commission to Russia are: Charles R. Crane, Illinois, business man; John R. Mott, New York, secretary International Committee Y. M. C. A.; Cyrus McCormick, president of the International Harvester Co.; Samuel R. Bertron, New York, banker; James Duncan, vice president of the American Federation of Labor; Charles Edward Russell, New York, author and socialist; Major-General Hugh L. Scott, chief of staff U. S. A., and Rear-Admiral James H. Glennon, U. S. N. General Scott will have three aides, including Lieut.-Col. T. Bentley Mott, formerly a military attache to the American embassy at Petrograd. (See picture, p. 699.)

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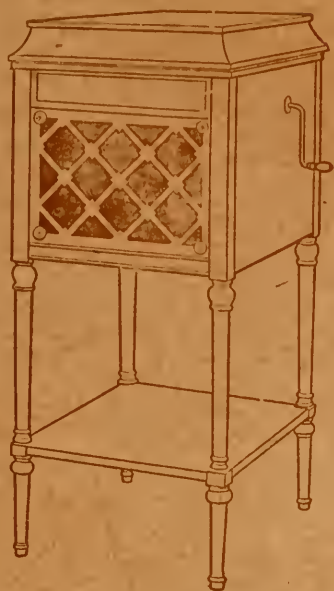
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